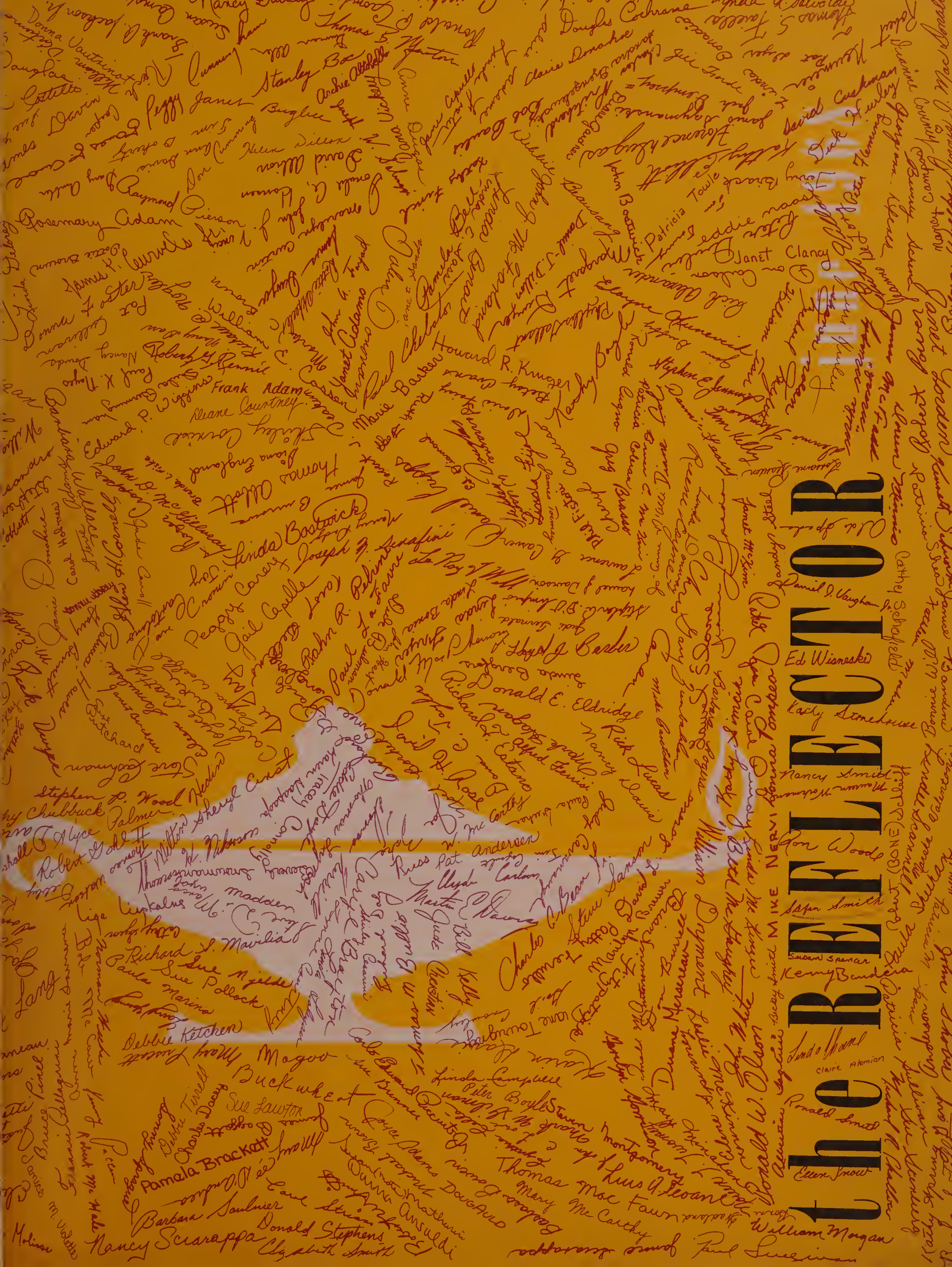
The REFLECTOR



THE REFLECTOR

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1967-1968

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Editorial

THE TORCH

Now is the time for all good editors to come to the inspiration of their classmates. Traditionally, graduation marks the end of learning about Mom, apple pie, Bactine, and the all-American way of life, and the beginning of trying to put into practice these long hallowed ideals. Perhaps school systems have over-protected their entrusted students, for when the high school senior, laden with diploma, backed by twelve years of schooling, his ears ringing with the strains of dear old Alma Mater, enters the world, he will find it forcedly alien. Limited contact with the outside world through jobs and newspapers (yes, it is true, sometimes a high school student's attention span progresses beyond the comics and sports sections to encompass news articles and editorials) has shown it to be so. The emerging senior's main directive is "Wait until you've had the experience." Not only does he find it increasingly difficult to practice his idealistic principles, but also he suddenly finds himself laboring to defend them against practical realities. Tangibles replace abstracts. Mom has been replaced by an ever-rising illegitimacy; apple pie, by starvation-racked populaces; Bactine, by germ and nuclear warfare; the good old American way, by a realization that perhaps the time-worn slogan "My country right or wrong" is not applicable to existing conditions.

As has been so often stated, the future of our country is in the hands of its youth. "The torch of leadership has been passed on."

So, what are you going to do with the torch?

Maureen Meskimen '68

CIRCULAR PATHS

Thomas Young '69

I RECLINE IN MY ultimate comfort lounge chair, and the vision of my ceiling televiewer becomes hazy as tears cloud my eyes. Already, I have swallowed the tablet which will bring about my ultimate demise. In this, the Age of Miracles, death is completely voluntary, as is birth. Only the man who sees hope in the future chooses to live. I chose to die.

In my final hours, however, I wish to record, for all posterity, what I believe to be a true and valid description of what life holds for the future. Some believe that mine are the ideals of a madman, a lunatic. I don't know. How can I know? Can a man measure his own degree of sanity? Psychiatry has long ago been eliminated as useless, as have most other professions. But, I talk in circles, and I must complete this . . . this admonition, before passing into what I believe to be a better world, although I am taught that death is the end, and heaven is a vacuum.

My name is H. L. Tolsky, and I am a white male inhabitant of the planet Earth. The date is the ninetieth day of Libre, the year 3,854 A.D. This, as I have mentioned, is an Age of Miracles. Science has advanced so far that we have solved almost every problem imaginable. Space, once the last frontier, has been conquered. All diseases have been eliminated. We have invented an automaton capable of far more than common man. No longer is there any need for human beings to work. Life is Leisure. This was what the new power promised to our forefathers centuries ago when it dominated. Now there is no government, no education, no science, no religion, no philosophy, no hatred, and no predjudice — only leisure. Most are content to live — to exist — like this. But there is another way . . .

Seven thousand light years away from Earth, in a northeasterly direction, lies the galaxy of Ashbury. The third planet from Ashbury's sun is Haight. Life on this planet is different from any other existence imaginable. The inhabitants of Haight are rejects from our world. They are the lost, the unwanted, those unwilling to conform. They go voluntarily and stay as long as they wish. On this planet life lies still. At least, in the sciences it crawls at a turtle's pace, rediscovering all that we on Earth now know. Let me describe, in my remaining minutes, what I have read and heard of Life on Haight.

First, there are trees. There are trees and flowers and grass and bushes and vineyards. These have long ago been eliminated as useless on Earth. Their only function, to continue the oxygen cycle, is now being performed by Cycle Boxes beneath our concrete surface. On Haight, however, each family owns and operates a small farm. Through trade with others each Haightian is able to remain self-supporting. There are no boundaries, political, national, financial, religious, racial, or otherwise. Every man, woman, and child shares his or her belongings with others. There is a bond between these strange inhabitants, a bond, the like of which, no Thirty-Ninth Century Earthling has ever experienced. They call it *Celeste*. The only word in our language that even approaches the meaning of *Celeste* is one that had its demise as far back as the Twenty-Fifth Century: Love. I cannot understand the exact meaning, but I think it is similar to the amity some men hold for their machines. Through this bond, however, Haightians have accomplished unbelievable feats in human relations: friendship, respect, brotherhood. These are words whose meanings are totally beyond the grasp of Earthlings. This is what is happening, now, on the planet Haight in the Ashbury galaxy.

I have learned that Earth once had a vaguely similar history. What is happening on Earth now will probably be happening on Haight 2,000 years from now. Scientific advancement on Haight will progress as it has done on Earth until man no longer has a place in his world. Of this, I am convinced. I could go to Haight. I could start over. But, no. Rather than contribute to this evil cause, often called progress, I seek a better life, a better life through death.

The paths of the future are made by those who deviate, who wander from the beaten path. But all paths are circular and lead to a common destiny. The deviates serve only to postpone the ultimate. But I welcome the ultimate, I beckon it. I can only hope that my self-destruction, and the ultimate self-destruction of man, will lead to a better life — a life after death. Perhaps I am a madman. I cannot know . . .

DISTANT PAST

Ed Diamond '68

MEMORIES are like a faded football jacket, a frayed pair of sneakers. They are worn and weary; yet they are comfortable - - so extremely comfortable. Moments of glory and moments not so glorious pass, leaving a tarnished shine. A shine which can be buffed to brightness for a moment by passing thought.

Tom Brownston sat on the vacant bleachers. Ten thousand people cheered, but he was alone. The soggy, saturated wetness left by the now melted snow of early spring deterred anyone from using the field. But the cool sun promised to fill soon the rambling grounds with shouts and cheers. Games?

He gazed absently at the field. Some chalk lines made a perfunctory gesture at crossing only to be stymied by the grass, grass, brown and dead. The center of the grid was dug up and barren, vacant of life, weary from so many marches, so many battles, so many halting tackles.

"Hup one. Hup two." Crash . . . Thud.

"I'm sorry . . . I'm . . . sorry."

"Yeah."

The goal posts were taken down in winter. The scoreboard was covered with a green plywood, a striking contrast from those bright numbers.

"Nice catch today, Tom."

"Thanks."

He walked to the counter. His hair was still wet and matted from the shower. They always came to this hamburg place after a game. Always came . . . always came . . . always.

"Hamburg and a coke."

He walked back to the car. The parking lot was crowded; red and white streamers whipped about in the air.

"Hey, Tom, great . . ."

He looked about the vacant bleachers and seemed to see their emptiness for the first time. The cheering faded. The benches were still damp and the wetness was beginning to seep through his pants.

He stood up, stretching a little, and walked down from the stands onto the track. It was soft and eroded. The cinder was like beach sand. He walked down the track . . .

He walked down the track back to his starting blocks. He stood erect behind them, concentrating on the finish line, a hundred yards away. He heard no sounds. No one was around him. Nothing was there save a small, taut string that he could not see, streched across the straightaway, one hundred yards away. One deep breath. Concentrate. Two deep breaths. The sun beat down; he sweated. Three deep breaths.

"On your marks."

Concentrate.

"Now set."

Head down. Crack.

The corners of the track were soft and corroding. The effect of the melted snow had crisscrossed the ground with caverns and gullies. He stopped walking. There was a marker still standing at the end of the straightaway.

"Oh, honey, I'm so proud of you."

He put his arm around her.

"Nice race, Tom. When are the nationals?"

"Next week."

"Now set."

Crack. Ugh.

"What's the matter? Here, you two, help us take him off the track."

"Ooh."

Tom Brownston took a last look at the rambling grounds before him: a football field, a cinder track, a part of a person's life. He felt saddened by lost promises. Great expectations that never materialize leave a deeper void than if there were never any promise at all. "Strange," he thought.

He looked up at the sky. Was the sun so dull? It didn't really seem that cold. "Hell." He smiled and started running toward the gate, not very fast any more, just trotting.

A car pulled into the parking lot. The driver beeped the horn.

"Hi, hon, you finish all your classes?"

"Yes, how are you, Tommie?"

"O.K."

"Why do you keep wearing that old thing, honey?"

"I don't know."

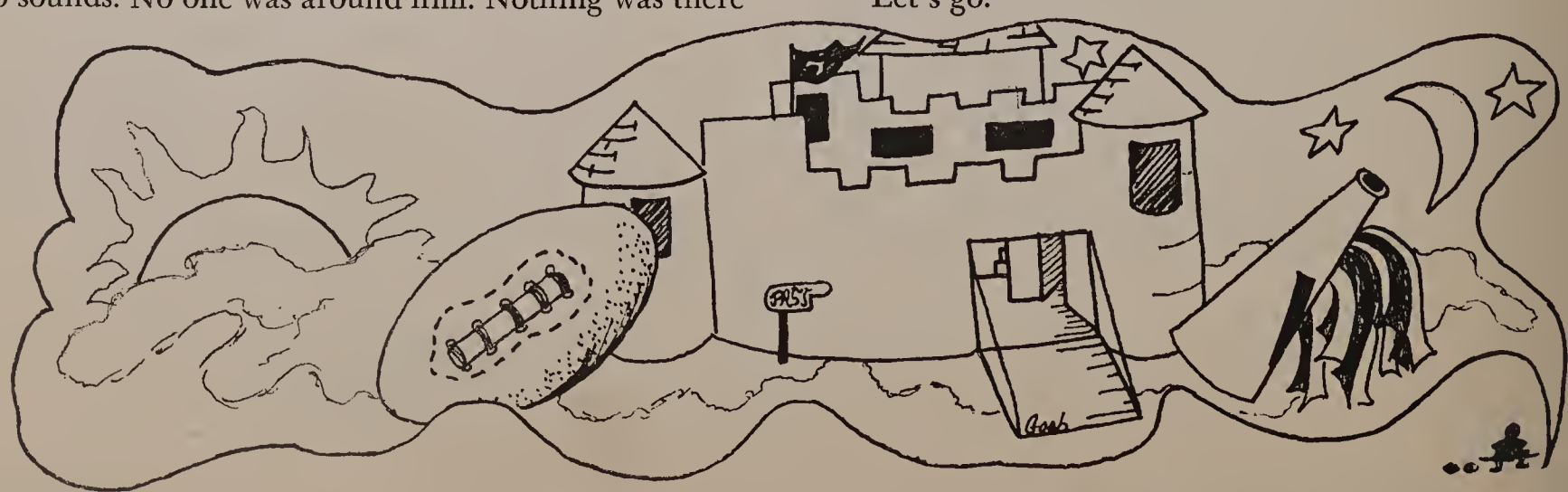
He took off his faded football jacket and threw it on the back seat. It looked distant and unimportant lying there. It was distant, very distant, representing something which could never be again.

"Ya, I'll get rid of it."

"What?"

He smiled.

"Let's go."



AN OPPONENT I CAN RESPECT

Edward Wisneski '68

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL eliminated Reading from the Massachusetts State Baseball Tournament last year. The Reading ball club made six errors and practically "gave" the game to its opponent. The losing hurler from Reading was one of the best pitchers in the state,and he had won ten games in a row before this heartbreaking loss. However, he accepted the setback graciously and refused to blame his teammates for the defeat. That Reading pitcher is an opponent I will always respect.

The famous sportswriter, Grantland Rice, once said, "For when One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He marks not that you won or lost, but how you played the game." I respect an opponent for his playing, not for his ability to defeat me.

I dislike an athlete who gives up when his team is far behind. Any opponent who is a determined competitor and always gives one hundred per cent, whether winning or losing, never fails to impress me.

I don't think anything is more irritating than an opponent who gives numerous alibis after a defeat. A person who can accept the agony of defeat without excuses and receive the thrill of victory with humility will always be a winner in the "game of life."

BABYSITTING, ANYONE?

David Killory '69

AS I LAY lazily in bed one fine summer morning, the phone rang. Listening to the conversation below, I heard my sister tell a new neighbor that she could not babysit, but she thought her brother might help out.

Foolishly, I volunteered.

After gulping down a quick breakfast, I left for the neighbor's house. At the front door, Nancy, age seven, Patty, age five, and Kenny, age four, all greeted me. To my dismay, I discovered later the fourth and final child John, a ten-months-old baby.

The woman departed with the following words of encouragement:

"Send the baby in for a nap with a bottle when he fusses; get the others lunch anytime; jot down any important telephone messages; and change the baby when he wakes up from his nap — good luck and goodby."

On that morning, I would have ranked myself as a good, beginning sitter. By the time four o'clock strolled along, I considered myself an expert.

I immediately put the baby to bed because he began to cry as soon as his mother left. I thought things would run along smoothly now; however, they did everything but that.

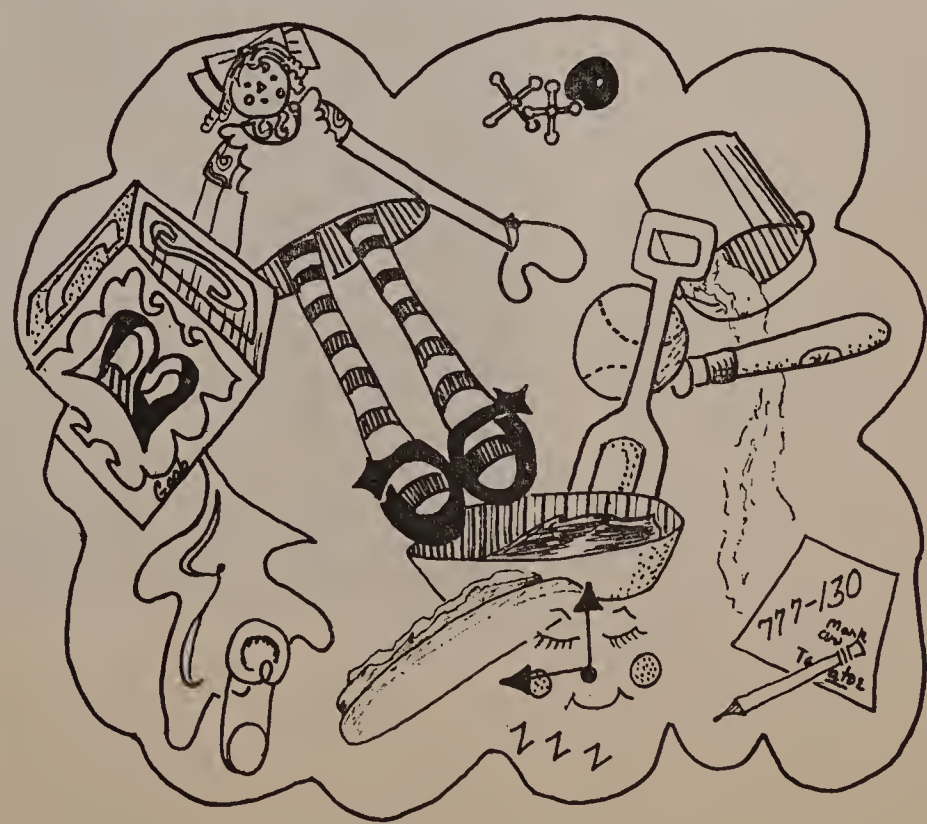
The two girls nagged me to play house while the little boy taunted me to play in his new sandbox, neither of which interested me. Finally we arrived at some sort of compromise satisfying to all.

Confusion reigned once again when the seven-year-old asked, "When are we gonna eat lunch?"

I figured lunch wouldn't cause too much difficulty, but making lunch for those three can compare with the difficult task of preparing the meal at Luci Johnson Nugent's wedding reception. One child doesn't like soup; another "hates" meat; and still a third can't eat desserts because the doctor says, "I'll break out in a rash."

Lunch ended about one-thirty, and just as I thought I had everything under control, the baby woke up. Recalling the mother's last instruction, I knew the time had come to learn how to change diapers. I do not intend to describe the incident fully, but the poor baby lay on the floor for a half hour, as I struggled with pins, clean diapers, rubber pants, his playsuit, shoes, and socks.

I think in those few hours I learned, perhaps the hard way, all one needs to know about babysitting.



MARDI GRAS

In such troubled times as these (Have there ever been untroubled times?) with the split between nations gaping wider than the hungry mouth of a young robin, it is pleasing, indeed satisfying, to witness and be a part of an attempt, however small, to bridge the gap through cultural exchange. Such was the purpose of the Mardi Gras — along with the added element of fun — and in the accomplishment of such purpose lay its exciting success.

Standing at the helm and steering the project through international waters were many captains, the most prominent being the heads of the Social Studies and Foreign Language Departments, Mr. Blake and Miss Johnson. Under their guidance and the watchful eye of navigator Miss Marinos, the "Muddy Grass," as it grew to be affectionately called by its crew, sailed safely from christening to final docking on Friday, March 22, at 8:00 p.m.

The idea was simple. Certain departments, clubs, or classes built and decorated booths representing specific countries. Each of the booths was inhabited by three people: a social studies specialist, a foreign language specialist, and a home economics specialist. The booths contained interesting articles and trinkets (knives from Africa, parasols from Japan) from the individual countries and food that could be purchased providing you changed your currency at the International Bank booth.

So when the hour came, we handed our tickets to awaiting custodians (who deserve a word, if not a book, of thanks for always being on hand) and entered a round, window-walled room which had been creatively transformed by the Art Department from the not-too-exciting Cafeteria into a *petite* World's Fair. For a time we marveled at the handsomely decorated booths and the beautiful costuming. In a matter of seconds we traveled from the green woods of Ireland to the ancient temples of Greece, and in a matter of minutes, around the world. We sailed on, our stomachs full of everything from fortune cookies to tortillas, and our ears soaked in the sometimes pulsating, sometimes caressing music of the Mercy Men.

At nine o'clock (there was no problem with time changes) a strange foreign sound rolled through the air. It was the sound of a hardworking, vibrant people — the sound of Russia. It was personified by the red-shirted members of the Russian Club who presented the Karobuskka or Circle Dance and followed it with

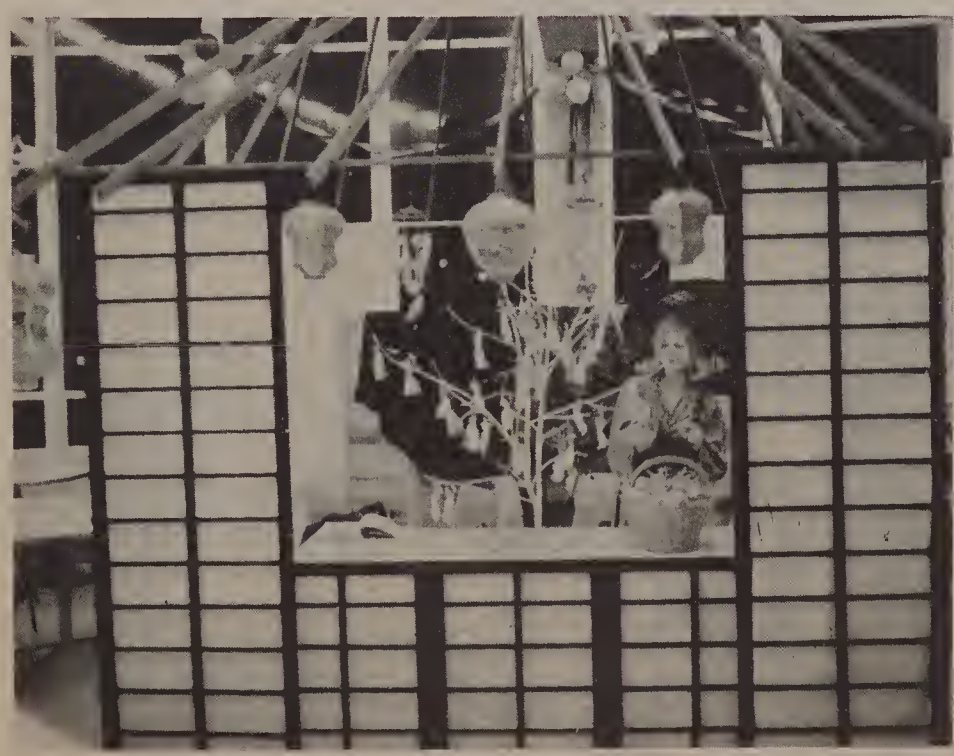
Americans dancing Russian at the Mardi Gras.

A visit to Greece.

the dance of the three horses or Troika. Contrasting the gruff Russian sound were the sweet voices of the Spanish Club, who sang Cuando Caliente el Sol. Edith Beatty and Sue Swart sang and played two beautiful songs from Sunny Spain. The entertainment ended with the gleeful sounds of Greece while we were all invited to participate in a simple-step Grecian dance.

With the lateness of the hour came the prizes — Japan and Greece for best booths — the many thanks, and the goodnights. The ship docked after a most successful voyage.

But every ship's crew has its heroes and the unsung heroes of the Mardi Gras are numerous. The members of the Student Coordinating Committee were Holly Sloan, Lee Fay, Joe Corbo, Kathy Dempsey, David Bittner, Craig Arnold, Heather Harribine, Greg Sammer, Sharon Rand, Kathy Young, Kathy O'Brien, Helen Harrington, Kathy Herlihey, Cathy Sgroi, Gail Cronk, Cindy Alemian, Cindy Batchelder, Cindy Nelson, Theresa DeLuca, Michael Shanahan, Steve Douglas, Pat Sullivan, Stanley Boc, Ed Nass, William Concannon, Fran Paccioretti, Sandra Dzengelewski, and Edith Beatty. These, with the help of the following departments, Foreign Language, Social Studies, Home Economics, Art, Music, English, Mathematics, and Business, transformed the Mardi Gras from the tedious affair it could have been to something that more closely resembled a Christmas Party and the United Nations.



"Sayonara" and welcome to Japan.

PUZZLING FIGURES

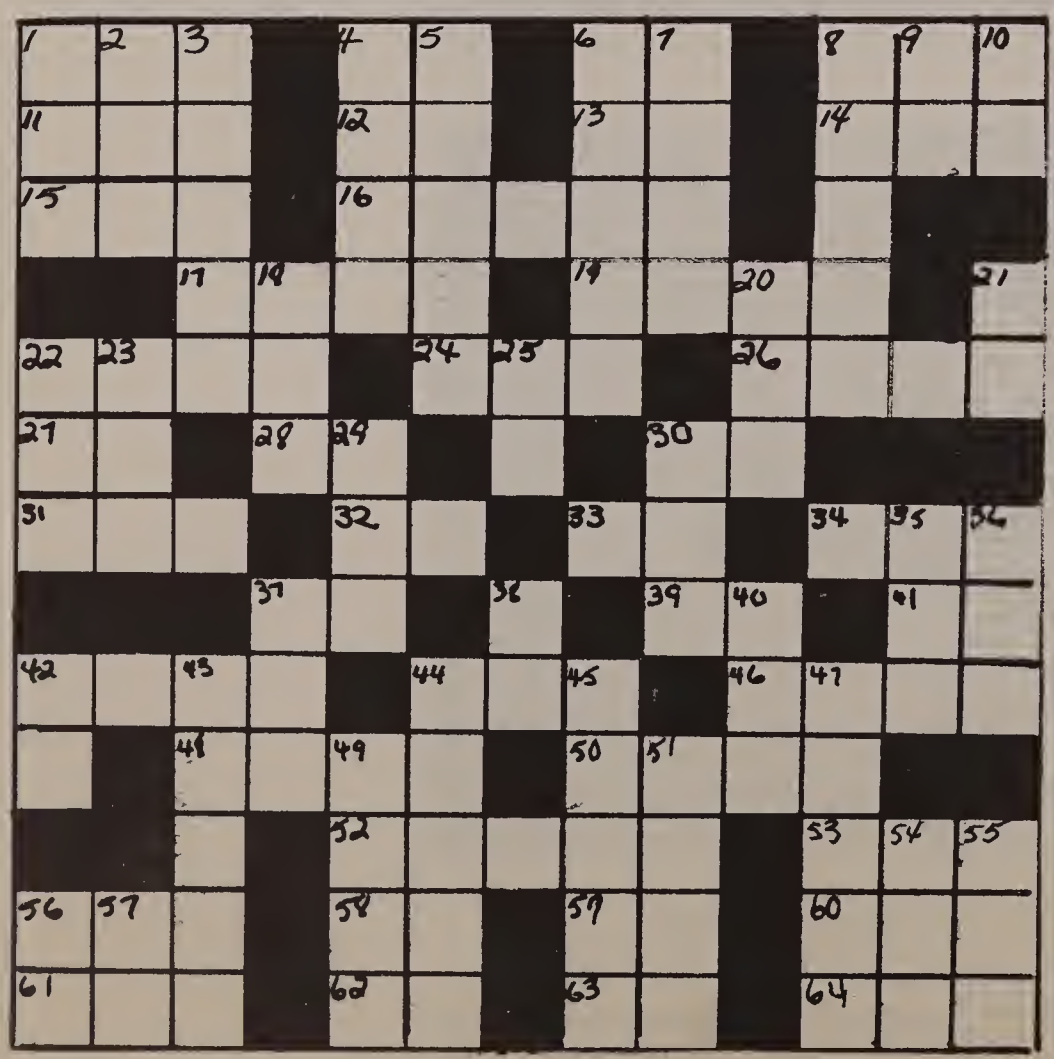
Cliff Cowles '69

Here is a new kind of crossword, using numbers instead of letters. The idea is to fill in the squares with numbers that add up to the sums asked for in the directions. For example, the sum asked for *One Across* is "seventeen" and there are three spaces. Now you must think of three numbers, no two the same, whose total is 17. The numbers 5, 3, and 9 are a possibility and, in this case, are the answer. Obviously, the needs of *One Down* will dictate the order: 5, 9, 3, or 9, 3, 5, or 3, 9, 5? Only by juggling, by using trial and error, can you discover the correct order.

Some clues to help you:

1. Use only one-digit numbers.
2. Use no zeros.
3. Repeat no digits in a solution.
   (Ex.) 4, 4, 9 could not be a correct answer because you repeat the 4.

Happy adding!



ACROSS

1. Seventeen
4. Ten
6. Four
8. Sixteen
11. Fourteen
12. Fourteen
13. Eleven
14. Nineteen
15. Fourteen
16. Twenty
17. Seventeen
19. Twenty-one
22. Twenty-three
24. Nineteen
26. Thirteen
27. Seventeen
28. Ten
30. Eleven
31. Twelve
32. Ten
33. Thirteen
34. Twelve
37. Twelve
39. Thirteen
41. Eight
42. Seventeen
44. Twelve
46. Nineteen
48. Ten
50. Fourteen
52. Twenty-six
53. Fourteen
56. Six
58. Eleven
59. Ten
60. Fifteen
61. Nineteen
62. Sixteen
63. Fourteen
64. Sixteen

DOWN

1. Thirteen
2. Fourteen
3. Twenty-eight
4. Twenty-four
5. Twenty-three
6. Twenty-five
7. Seventeen
8. Twenty-five
9. Eleven
10. Ten
18. Fourteen
20. Fourteen
21. Eight
22. Twelve
23. Twenty
25. Nine
29. Fifteen
30. Fifteen
35. Ten
36. Fourteen
38. Ten
40. Seventeen
42. Four
43. Twenty-eight
44. Twenty-seven
45. Twenty-one
47. Twenty
49. Eighteen
51. Twenty-four
54. Thirteen
55. Seventeen
56. Seven
57. Six

Question Poll

As a final request, *The Reflector* has asked a few seniors, chosen at random, what they most regret about leaving Weymouth High School.

Robert Randall: Who says I'm leaving?

Klaus Bartels: Fine food, beautiful women, exciting courses

Bob Bentley: (laughing roguishly) I don't really regret anything.

Bob Broydrick: Our lecture hall; the great lectures

Kathy Clark: That I have to go to college

Clyde Carlson: Gym

Carol Holmes: My French Class

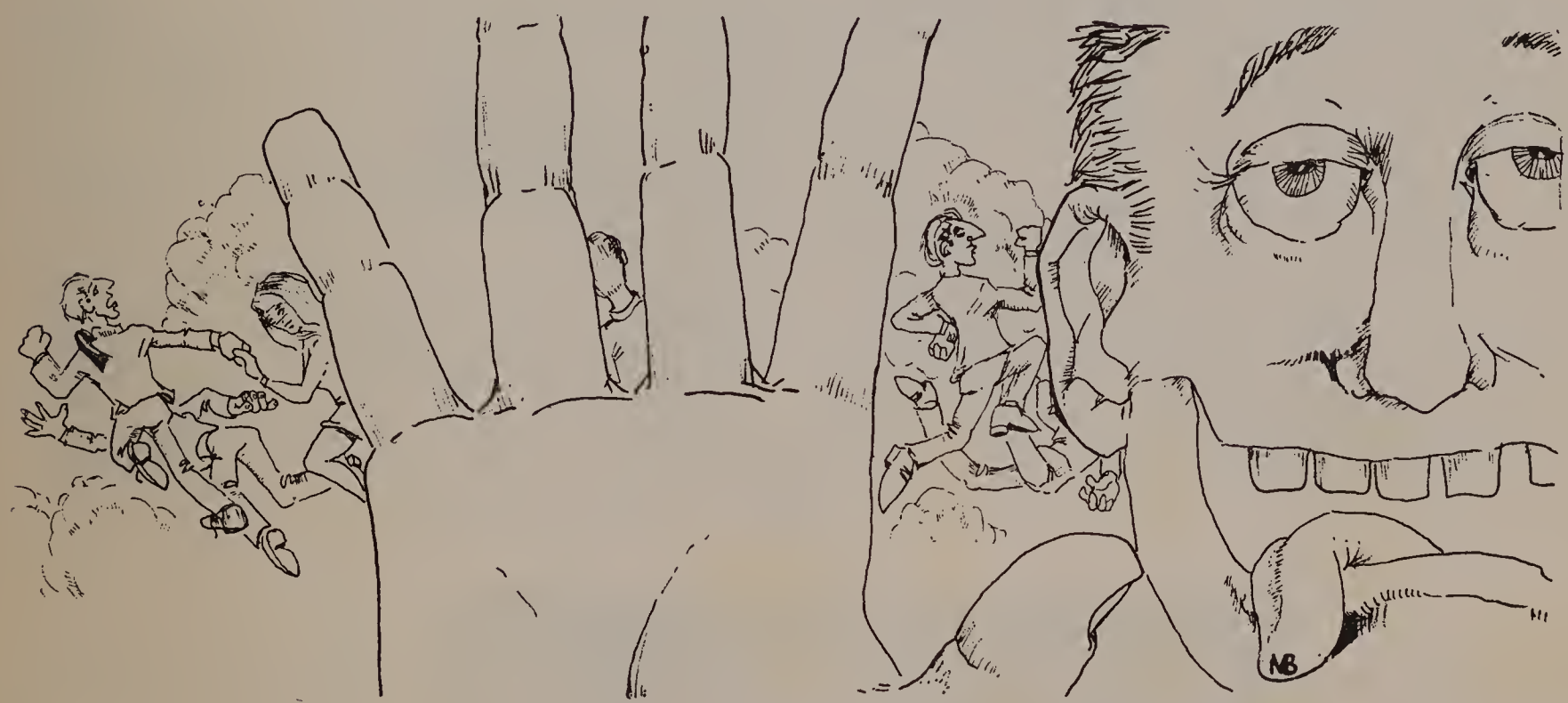
Bev Snowman: That I'll have to go to work for the rest of my life

Marilyn Rogers: All the great teachers

Don Burrell: The 800 smiling faces in the cafeteria before school

Nancy Sciarappa: The water bubblers that don't go off when you turn them off, namely, the one outside 214

Duncan Allen: Fifth period French class for its stimulating arguments



The juniors also have some regrets — regrets about staying at Weymouth High School another year.

Donna Kreitman: I regret just having to stay at Weymouth High another year.

Janet Daniele: I'll have to get up at 6:00 A.M. to come here another year.

Jay Lentini: I am going to have to wait for the bus in freezing cold weather.

Gayle Damigella: Another year of E.B. Spanish

Ellen Delorey: They won't serve meat and vegetable pie often enough during the year.

Don Scarpelli: Long, dreary studies in the cafeteria

Kathy Eacobacci: The rice!

Karen LaBonte: Five major subjects for the fourth year in a row

Steve Kemp: U.S. History along with four other majors

Tom Young: The pressure put on one to finish, creatively and punctually, all *Reflector* assignments

WHS-TV THAT WAS

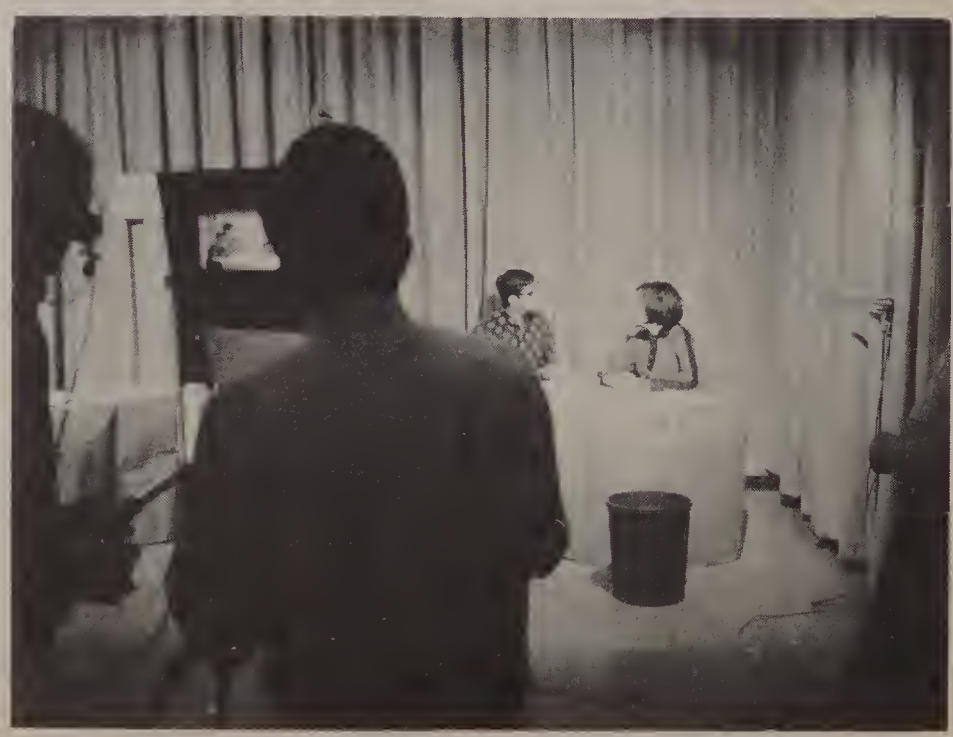
Our new high school is equipped with a telecasting system worth thousands of dollars. From the small blue room in which this is located, taped television shows are transmitted. While these shows have not as yet been nominated for Emmy awards, they are very good and improving constantly.

The best of these shows was the recently presented *That Was The Week That Was,* a student interpretation of the popular television show. The original show was a satirical commentary on current events; and so, on Friday, February sixteenth, a group of WHS students presented a variety of songs and skits designed to amuse the perceptive viewer.

The program opened with a skit concerning four men in "Backlash Falls," two of whom were playing checkers. All four were inside a country store. One of the men not involved in the checker game was a city slicker, taking opinions for a question poll. It was his job to engage them in a political conversation, but he did not succeed until the other non-checker-player intervened. Finally the discussion began, the players making many witty remarks about various public figures, such as Bobby Kennedy, George Romney, and, of course, President Johnson. Eventually the group concluded that Henry C. Lodge should be our next president.

The second presentation was a six o'clock news type skit in which many of the news items were read so quickly that, unfortunately, much of their sarcasm was lost. However, that which was understandable was entertaining. The items ranged from the garbage problem in New York City to the presidential primary in New Hampshire.

Part three of *That Was The Week That Was* consisted of a touching, poignant song by Joan Baez, called "Saigon Bride." It was performed by Diane



"Who's governor here anyway, Georgie Walrus?"

THE WEEK THAT WAS

Connolly in a lovely manner, similar to that of Miss Baez herself. As she sang, scenes of life in South Viet Nam were projected, depicting the loneliness of those civilians in Viet Nam. The effect of the song was great, and many viewers agreed it was the best part of the show.

Next on the program was an interview with a "man on the street," a character named "Jerry Mulligan." Here the two men exchanged lively opinions on everything. This skit was well written, containing some really subtle sarcasms.

Following the "man on the street," Diane Connolly performed "What Did You Learn in School Today?" This song was of slightly stronger protest than the other. It depicted a mother questioning her child about the things he had learned in school, his answers forming the verses to the song. He makes various remarks concerning the government, especially about its policy in Viet Nam. This song was also well delivered.

The last segment of the show was a skit, "A Day in the Life of George Walrus." The idea behind this satire of George Wallace was good, the acting was very good, and the script was well written. One complimentary complaint heard among the viewers was that some of the satirical remarks were so deep that only the most perceptive listeners could understand them.

The gentleman who gave the final monologue summed it up very nicely. He thanked the actors, the faculty advisors, and the writers. He apologized for any technical difficulties, and introduced the camera crew; and then he bid us a good afternoon and went off the air.

NO EXIT

Lee Fay '68

No exit is the English translation of *Huis Clos,* a fictional one-act play by the modern French writer Jean-Paul Sartre.

This contemporary play is set in one room, decorated in Second Empire style. The room is a part of the author's own creation of Hell.

Only four characters are involved in the play: an unnamed valet, who only appears at the beginning. and the three major characters, Joseph Garcin, Inez Serrano, and Estelle Rigault. The plot concerns their eternal damnation to Hell and to the same, locked room, where they must suffer the mental torture of each others' personalities. They try various ways to avoid this unexpected type of torture; but in the end they realize the impossibility of doing so and also their complete separation from the world.

Sartre expounds his existentialist philosophy by using three entirely different characters. Estelle, capricious and vain, represents the romantic view of life and death; Garcin, a mixture of romantic and realistic views; and Inez, a strict, cold, realistic view. Inez seems also to be Sartre's "mouthpiece." She distinguishes between right and wrong, and the real and the imaginary. She also realizes that she has done wrong on earth, and now she awaits punishment. Garcin is romantic in death and wants to forget the wrong as he reflects on his realistic life. Estelle lives in an imaginary world, where she can have her own way. She refuses to believe she has done anything to deserve punishment. Only when she tries to stab Inez with a knife and finds that it does no harm does she realize she is actually dead; on Earth and in Hell.

No Exit was an interesting study of the meaning of life and death through the actions and memories of the three characters. Their futility in their position and their solutions regarding their fate can be compared to Sartre's philosophy and solutions. As a dramatic writing for the theatre, *No Exit* has very distinctive characters and an unusual and frightening plot.

THE SAGA OF HELL'S ANGELS

(A review of the book by Hunter S. Thompson)

Elliot Brown '69

'Twas the morning of Labor Day,
the run to Monterey;
They rode their "hogs" and packed their "mamas"
as they made their way

With stripped-down Harleys they call choppers
flashing through the air,
With savage nicknames, bandanas flapping,
and amounts of massive hair.

At speeds of 90, they burst like thunder,
these righteous dudes of Hell,
Tense for action, jamming traffic,
giving off a horrifying smell.

They're the one-percenters, born losers,
our society's castaways.
Covered with grease from head to toe,
they come from Frisco Bay.

This outlaw elite we call the Angels
with death's heads on their backs
Is a motorcycle fraternity, a royalty,
and a vicious wolf pack.

These outlaws are individualists
whom we can compare
With "Jack-the-Ripper," "Billy-the-Kid,"
or a savage grizzly bear.

They shock the people, rich and poor,
like Satan on a charger.
They're led by the wisdom and loyalty
of a "Prez" named "Sonny" Barger.

The Angels use swastikas, iron crosses,
earrings, and chain whips.
This is just to scare the public
and beat the ones with lip.

They wear "13" which stands for "M."
That's short for "Mary Jane."
It means they trust marijuana
though it renders them insane.

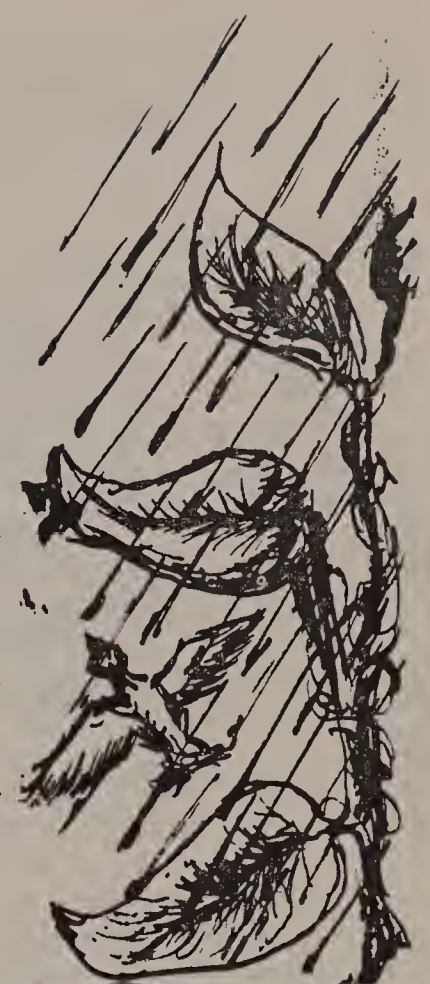
"All on one and one on all" is
one of the Angels' laws;
This applies to barroom fights, rape,
and a demon's cause.

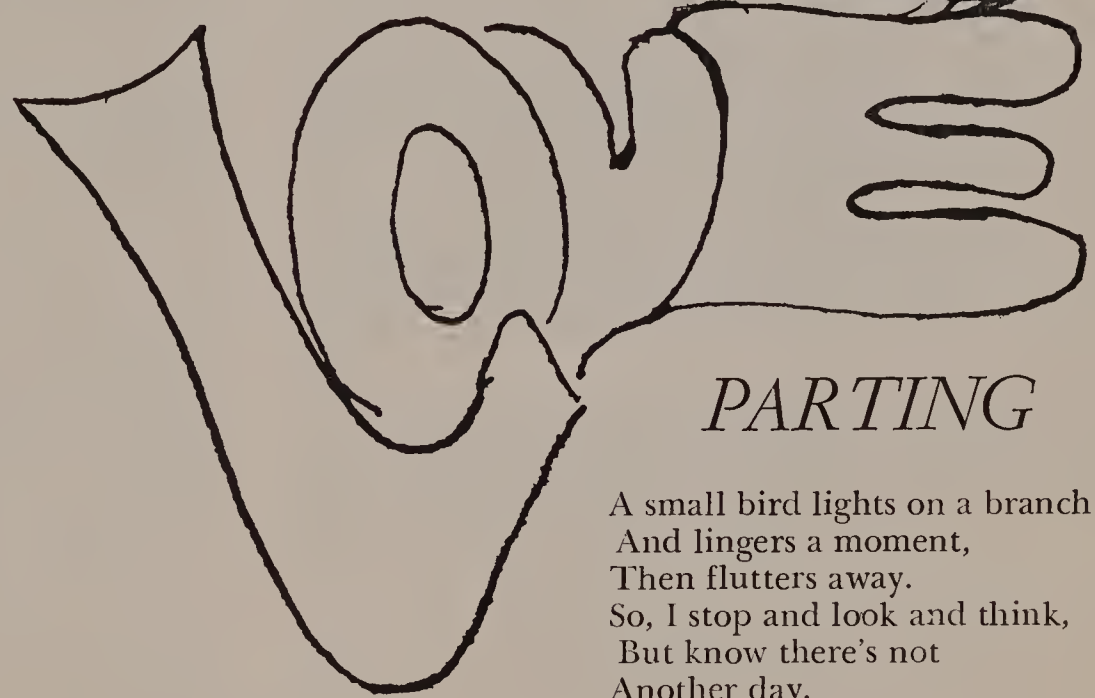
'Tis said that those that live by violence
die that way as well,
And this is true of the Angels,
who permanently live in Hell.

Sonny and Tiny went to jail,
Mother Miles was bereft of life,
And all the rest of the Angels elite
are lost as heroes of strife.

THE ASPECTS OF LOVE

Love is spontaneous.
Love is the eternal rainbow after the storm.
Love is the lone ray of sunlight shining through the thick forest.
Love is pride and admiration, not jealousy or revenge.
Love is looking out into open sky with your beloved by your side, wondering at its vastness, as at the vastness of your love.
Love draws out the man in a boy, the woman in a girl, and the truth and beauty in both.
Love is you and I and all we say and do and think and feel.
We are love.
Love is a many-sided figure.
They say it is inanimate, but I have seen and heard
And felt it.
Love is the look in his eyes when they meet yours.
Love is the sun straining through the grey clouds.
Love is the singular flower.
Love is understanding and being understood.
Love is a great test.
Love is critical.





VISION

Marilyn Manter '68

The thoughts
They come and go
The memories--
Away.
The haze clears
And everything is the same.
Everything is nothing.
I cannot look
I cannot try
I can only quickly write
What it says to me.
It says so much;
I hear so little,
For it says nothing.

A MOMENT BEYOND REALITY

Marilyn Manter '68

The rain falls noiselessly outside
And I sit silently thinking of you.
But I have no thoughts,
Only fleeting visions.
And they soon vanish into the pool of reality around me.
No one is here but me.
And I am nowhere.
The sky is no color.
As I am, I shall be only for moments.
For soon I shall be gone,
The people are not real.
Lost again in reality.

PARTING

A small bird lights on a branch
And lingers a moment,
Then flutters away.
So, I stop and look and think,
But know there's not
Another day.

All outside is quiet and
Still, covered
By the snow.
So are my thoughts, confirmed,
Yet sad
As I turn to go.

There are other lives, other days.
I fear they may
Lead us apart.
But though we go
Our separate ways
You'll stay forever in my heart.

PARADISE FUMBLED

Lee Fay '68

On November 28, 1967, the Powder Puff Football Game was played at Legion Field. The final score was 12-6. (Jabba's Jets, coached by Rick Jablonski,-6; and Sama's Sirens, coached by Greg Sammer, 12. Touchdowns were scored by Janis Szymanski, Marie Leahy, and Lee Fay. The officials were Mr. Burgess and Mr. Brizzi. The distinguished announcer was Mr. Hartwell. A cheerleader was Baby Bone.

The following account is that of a dream (or nightmare), revealed to this author by hypnosis. Although the game is the main influencing factor in the dream, the effects of Mr. Dow's lecture course can also be detected.)

The battlefield was damp and cold in the sharp air of the month of Cherubim. The antagonists were grouped together, Michael on the muddy side and Satan on the muddier side. Satan paged Beelzebub,

"You know what to do, baby. Try Plan 79 3/4."

His disciples kneeled around him, glorifying the impious despot. But within sight of the greedy Satan, the Archangel Michael sat in regal splendor, surrounded by his loving soldiers. Michael's instructions to all were to fight in the name of truth and justice, and he was still surrounded by his loving soldiers. Unbeknownst to Satan, Baby Bone, Angel at Arms, joined the supporting legion of Michael, encouraging the whole army to strive for its furthest goals. The conflict would soon begin.

Two of that kind from Limbo, sent by the Almighty to moderate the engagement, arrived remarking, "Better late than never." The good Michael studied them carefully as they marched toward the place. One seemed to walk lightly over the muddy areas, as though wary of getting his sneakers dirty. Michael could barely conceal his joy. The Omnipotent was taking a hand in the matter — Cool Gabriel had been sent to aid the Faithful! Michael therefore spoke.

"My dear children, we will defeat the Devil and his Disciples! We will crush his ambitious and vain attempt to destroy us! Get thee to thy holy work!"

Cool Gabriel began the battle with a feeble whistle. (Michael sadly predicted Cool G would have one of his off days.) The campaign proceeded furiously, both sides gaining and losing ground. The blue-ribbon judges (four guardian angels, the Warden of Purgatory, two recipients of the Angel of the Year Award, and two recipients of the Celestial Achievement Award for Flying and Harp Playing) observed from a cloud high above the sadistic spectators. They aroused the rare animosity of Michael by recording six points for Satan in the Big Book. But the Littlest Angel came through, chalking up six for Michael. The spirit of Michael's Marauders was, however, beginning to break under the strain of combat. With Victory inches and seconds away, Michael decided to take drastic but, of course, honest measures. He sent Conman Conscience into the fury to sit on Cool G's ear. Satan anticipated Michael's move and sent Big Brownie to sit on Cool G's other ear. Conman calmly tried to provoke sympathy:

"Listen, man, you don't want Michael to smoke that whole Defeat Cigar, do you?"

Big B. yelled louder:

"Cool it, kid. If you swing with us, I'll make you a Big Man down under."

Cool G was wavering; Conman had to do something. Then he remembered "It." He leveled Cool G when he screamed;

"Listen, man, REMEMBER THAT CANDY BAR!"

Conman remained on Cool G's ear, but Big Brownie left in a whiff of smoke. Satan employed his last resort, illegally sending two extra rebels into battle. The last charge; the judges scrutinized the maneuver.

Suddenly the Warden of Purgatory (well-known adversary of his brother Satan) leaped to his feet shouting, "Six points! Right there! I saw it! Six points!"

The remaining judges complied immediately under the influence of the Warden, and Michael was awarded six points, giving him undisputed Victory. Michael's soldiers flocked to his side, heaping well-deserved praises on their leader.

Satan stood, a storm brewing on his brow. He began to curse and flail his arms about, but Cool G, *semper paratis,* trumpeted the end of the imperial battle. Satan turned his head quickly aside, gathered up his Disciples, and marched away to the realization that he would eternally rule these war-weary and untalented subjects.

Michael stood unswervingly on his muddy bench-throne, gazing with firm but gentle eyes on his faithful Angels. He slowly raised his head high and looked across the deep tract of tempestuous mud. A reasuring wink brought Cool G from the realms of his sincere and anxious thought. The battle against the Devil and his promises, no matter how inviting, had had been difficult, but Gabriel, Cool, Cool Gabriel, had won!

Michael cleared the field with a wave of his hand, and then bestowed blessings and lollipops upon his proselytes all the way back to his aerie.

Then everyone went to the victory party.

HIGH SCHOOL SKI TRIP MARCH 8-10

THREE HOURS, two bags of candy, a box of cigars, and a twelve-ounce bag of peanuts after our departure, the Weymouth High Ski Club invaded the Laurel Lee Lodge in Bridgton, Maine.

The Laurel Lee is a comfortable motel only five minutes away from the slopes of Pleasant Mountain. Almost every room has a television. (Room 1 had none so we helped ourselves to the one from Room 4, the chaperone's room.) The beds were comfortable and the convertible couches were only slightly mountainous.

We unpacked, went tobogganing for awhile, and then dined on a filling meal of ham, peas, and potatoes. After dinner we watched television in mixed company until midnight, and then at the 'witching hour retired to our respective rooms.

We raided Room 2 about two in the morning, for we were short one pillow. After a small rumble, we tried to sleep, but Mike Nervi kept us awake until 3:30 saying "tweet," the sound made by a 1,000-pound canary.

Bright and early the next morning we donned our longjohns and extra sweaters and set out for the slopes. By midday the temperature had reached sixty degrees, and some dared to take off a little outer wear. By two p.m. it was seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit at the bottom of the hill, and I was schussing down the slopes in my T-shirt. Surprisingly enough, the heat barely affected the snow. We had to avoid only one puddle of slush, as might be expected, and that was at the bottom of the slope.

The skiing was excellent for those who know how to ski. Olympic champion Anne Hurley did a perfect backslide for three hundred yards. Madeline Fusile developed a knack for skiing backwards. Mr. Burgess hurt his knee.

By Saturday night everyone was dead tired, willing to retire early after a meal of meat loaf almost as good as the variety served by the WHS cafeteria.
Sunday morning, we, the tenants of Room 1, were pleasantly awakened by the sound of Mike Nervi doing somersaults on his bed and calling "ribbitt," the call of the ribbitt bird.

After an early breakfast of oatmeal, French toast, and bacon, we boarded the bus and headed toward the slopes for the last time. The weather was more practical on Sunday. The thermometer registered fifty degrees. The skiing was much better than it had been on Saturday. Mike Nervi learned to do a spin around. ("Tweet, spin, ribbitt, ribbitt.") Almost everyone could ski better when he left than when he had arrived.

At 3:30 we left the slopes to get a reasonably early start for home. And so, forty-eight hours after our departure from dear old WHS, we bade a pleasant farewell to the Laurel Lee Lodge.

TRACK

FATE, WHICH played a big role in denying Weymouth High the State Indoor Class A Track Title in 1967, helped the track team capture the 1968 championship on January 27, 1968. In 1967 a Weymouth relay runner tripped on the final turn to hand the coveted trophy to Boston College High School. Conversely, a tumble by a B. C. High hurdler aided Weymouth in breezing to a victory in 1968, beating the same B. C. High team. 27-20½.

The shot put event, held at Commonwealth Armory on January 25, gave Weymouth an early lead that was hardly challenged as John Roanowicz collected five points for winning the event and Bill Rand added the other point with his fifth place finish. Norm Weeks started Weymouth's scoring machine Saturday afternoon, January 27, as he placed fifth in the two-mile run. A few events later, junior Paul Horrigan picked up three points for his third place finish in the 300-yard run followed by junior Joe Rosado, who placed third in the 600-yard run. Then, Ed Diamond blitzed to an impressive second place in the 50-yard dash. The State Champs then collected their second five point event as John L. Sullivan continued his unbeaten streak in the 100-yard dash in 2 minutes 21.8seconds. To cap a victorious afternoon, the famed relay team of Ed Diamond, Bill Morin, Paul Horrigan, and Joe Rosado also remained unbeaten as they sealed the Weymouth win with a first place finish.

This year's state title was the first for Weymouth since 1963. Congratulations to Coach Dudley O'Leary and his hardworking team who labored many long hours shoveling and, above all, running.

WHO IS ON MY SIDE? WHO?

II KINGS 9:32

JANICE HANSON '68

He strode confidently through the subway car door, jerking heavy shoulders as if to keep the cold air from entering.

What was it that made everyone take notice? His confidence? — the fat women in ankle socks and brown tweed coats mistook it for arrogance.

The man looked quickly up and down the car, scanning the car for a seat. Nobody budged; all eyes swung straight forward. He settled for a hand grip, suspended in front of me.

It was then that his foot met my red shoe. For an instant my muscles tightened, an astonishing fear constricted me. In the same instant we withdrew from the touch, flashing back into ourselves. But the guilt remained.

The car slowed and finally stopped. Field's Corner. The man strolled off — confidently.

POETRY

ANNO DOMINI

Timothy Orcutt '68

Down roads of broken tar and soiled and cracked cement,
Where the air was strangely filled with an historical scent,
We viewed in awe and wonder the ruins of ages past,
The ruins of an empire that apparently couldn't last.

Walls and wooden pillars had crumbled to the ground,
Only rusted, steel structures remaining to be found.
They stood alone and lonesome, like proud and lonely trees,
With pride concealing shivers in the cool summer night's breeze.

The silhouetted ruins against lavender evening skies
Were caused by broken windows of apathetic eyes.
They are all that now remain of grandeur, beauty, grace,
And they only leave the naked hope of earth and sky and sea.

Where is the former business, the culture, and the trade?
The crowed docks and bustling streets have vanished in the shade.
Ruins now prevail of a city once proud and tall,
Casting death shadows as dead leaves announce the fall.

As we continued onward, looking up at mourning trees,
I stumbled on a piece of ruin and fell to hands and knees.
My fingers clutched a tiny coin now smeared with time and dust.
On it were the faded words, ah, yes: "In God We Trust."

GLIMPSES

Charles Clark '68

like the brief joy of a
summer butterfly's day
a man's life falls
quicksilver through the years
and by the time awareness is
reached so is the
end.

the butterfly wing flickers
against the warm breath
of tender summer
a man stumbles through
the clinging mud
from the first grey promise
till the murky groan
and the butterfly falls
onto the brittle brown
autumn leaves
while the mud rises
about us

for those brief moments of joy
that seem never to be here
but always rushing away
i long —
but when you are here
i know the magical joy
and can ask for no more

DISTRICT FESTIVAL

At 2:00 on Saturday afternoon, January 20, 1968, the Massachusetts Music Educators' Association presented the Tenth Annual Southeastern District Concert at Lawrence High School in Falmouth, Massachusetts.

The program opened with the National Anthem played by the district orchestra directed by Dr. Russell T. Waite, Professor of Music at Rhode Island University. The orchestra included these Weymouth students: Suzanne Lucas, David Levy, Cynthia Nute, Karen McCann, Ellen Marshall, Donna Quist, and Karl Berg. "Intermezzo" from Barber's *Vanessa* and Shubert's *Unfinished Symphony* were among their selections.

Next the chorus, led by Dr. Gerald Mack, Director of Choral activities at Hart College, sang six selections of which the "Alleluia" from Berger's *Brazilian Psalm* was perhaps the most striking. Ellen Snow, John Simon, Matthew Oliva, Lawrence Marshall, Thomas Malloy, and Diane Connolly were those participants from Weymouth.

Last but not least, the district band provided a rousing finale to the concert under the direction of Dr. Edgar B. Gangware, Director of Instrumental Music at Northeastern Illinois State College. The band included Ann Ghublikian, Bruce Corey, John Brack, John McCann, Douglas Sherwood, and Edmund Doyle of Weymouth. Perhaps the most popular of their selections were the choices from "Gigi."

And thus the concert ended. But this final product was the result of twenty-five hours filled with practice, hard work, plus exciting experience, an experience only to thank Mr. Edwin Burke, Mr. Richard Burns, for which those participating Weymouth students have and Mr. Paul A. Warren, whose help and cooperation made this weekend possible.

MYRON FLOREN CONCERT

On Saturday, March 3, the Weymouth High School Band was part of a program which starred Myron Floren, well-known accordionist. The concert opened with "Heat Lightning," an excellent march. This was enthusiastically received by the audience, along with the entrance of Myron Floren himself. Mr. Floren played a medley of songs including "Spanish Eyes," "Pennsylvania Polka," and "Sentimental Journey." He then played part of the Lawrence Welk theme song. While he was playing, half a dozen of the band members drifted to the front of the stage and began blowing bubbles with bubble pipes.

The audience then was treated to a performance by guest organist Doris H. Tirell and pianist Walter Lindh, who played such pieces as "Skipping Along," "Jalousie," and "Sadie's Shawl."

Mr. Floren appeared again, and our band accompanied him on three numbers: "Going Home," "Happy Norwegian Polka" (written by Myron Floren), and "Lost Chord." This was followed by a solo performance by the band: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by J. S. Bach and "George Washington Bicentennial" by John Philip Sousa.

After the intermission the pianist and organist played together "Thoroughly Modern Millie" and other current songs; they were then joined by Mr. Floren in a section called "Myron, Doris, and Walter." The audience participated, singing along to tunes like "Roll Out the Barrel" and "Dr. Zhivago." A medley from *The Sound of Music* was also performed. The finale, considered by some to be the best part of the program, was a rousing rendition of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "God Bless America."

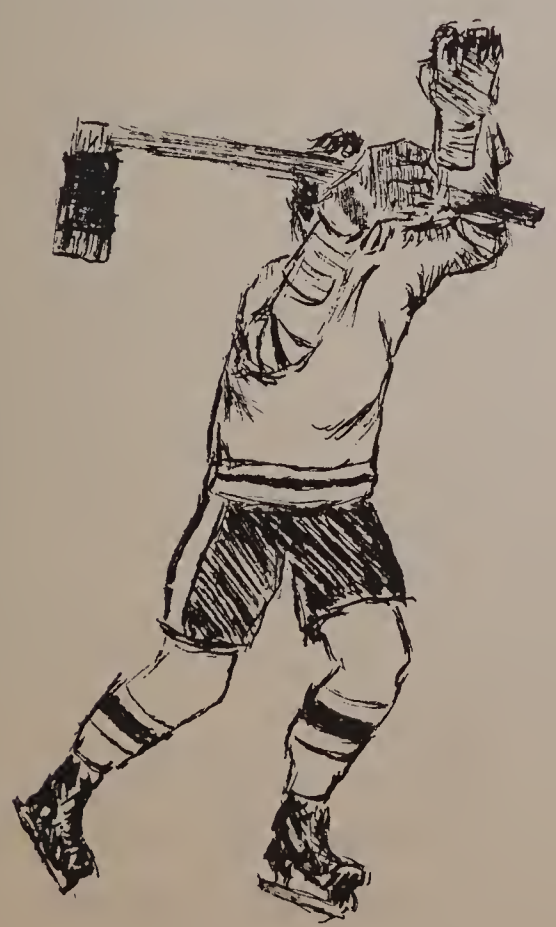
Our band put forth, by far, one of its most remarkable performances. Band members thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of working with such an excellent musician as Myron Floren.

'THE HUSTLING MAROONS

If you were to hear the term "icing," you would probably think of a cake. The word "check" would make you think of paying bills. Very few would think of the game of hockey although there is a very definite link. In general, I think, too many people don't know what hockey is about and don't really care. In the past few years support truly has been lacking. This season things did look a little brighter; there might have been as many as two hundred to three hundred Weymouth fans at each contest. I dare say that football and basketball do a little better.

Hockey is a great sport; it is perhaps the most interesting sport to watch. Why this lack of concern? The rules certainly aren't so complicated that a person couldn't master them in thirty-minutes' time. Also, if we had a team that lost every game, I could see a reason for not attending. But when our team can win more than it loses, there is no excuse. So, the sophomores and juniors will have to "get with it" and give next year's team the support it rightly deserves.

This year's squad ended the season with almost exactly the same record as last year's club (finishing this season with nine wins, six losses, and two ties, compared to nine wins, seven losses, and one tie for the previous year). We had little trouble disposing of the bottom four teams in our eight-team league, winning eight games while losing none and outscoring the opposition forty-two to two. Catholic Memorial, Archbishop Williams, and Hingham did pose a problem, however, as we could only muster one win and two ties in nine games. As these teams all entered the state tournament by winning or tying seventy-five per cent of their games, these three contests were our most gratifying ones. Our two-to-two tie with Catholic Memorial at the season's start, our two-to-nothing shutout of Archbishop Williams, and our five-to-five tie with Hingham certainly show that we were capable of play equal to that of the league leaders. Our five-to-five tie with Hingham might possibly have been the most rewarding one because it kept Hingham from gaining a tie for the league title with Catholic Memorial.



The reason for our losses to the top three clubs is that the opposition had greater depth to draw from. We had to have our better players take extra turns on the ice, and by the third period fatigue began to take its toll. This is especially true in our league, where there are twelve-minute periods compared to ten-minute periods in most other leagues. If we analyze the scoring for a moment, it will bear this out. Weymouth scored sixty-one goals: twenty-three in combined first periods, twenty-one in the second, and seventeen in the third. Our opponents scored twenty-eight goals: five in the first, nine in the second, and fourteen in the third. (If our games had been two periods instead of three, our final record would have been ten wins, two losses, and five ties.

The Maroons also put three players on the league all-stars. It was the second time for Jim Heffernan, but the first time for Bob Haley and Mark Sullivan. (The all-stars defeated Catholic Memorial two-to-one.)

Things look fairly bright for the future because we have a large number of young boys involved with hockey in the lower grades. We should be able to equal and perhaps surpass all opponents in the future. We all wish Mr. Dempsey many successful seasons as hockey coach in the years to come.

The following is a break-down of the scoring for this year's squad: Heffernan, 17 goals – 16 assists; Haley, 19 goals – 9 assists; Youngclaus, 8 goals – 6 assists; Puntiri, 7 goals – 7 assists; Barbour, 2 goals – 5 assists; Dempsey, 1 goal – 5 assists; Pompeo, 3 goals – 2 assists; Cignarella, 3 goals – 1 assist; O'Hanley, 1 goal – 2 assists; and Yetman, Hartry Dolan, Guest, and Dorman, 1 assist each. (Any discrepancies in this record from the actual facts may be blamed on the news media, which sometimes tend easily to confuse statistics.)

Poetry

WAITING

Beverly Snowman '68

The summer winds had all blown by,
A winter snow was near.
And the boat lay still upon her cradle
For the long cold winter days.
A chilling wind howled about her hull,
And the snow fell on her deck.
But a glow of warmth spread through her cabin,
In anticipation of the summer ahead.
The warm blue waters she knew so well,
Were dotted white with ice.
And the easterly breeze that she woke with each day
Brought her the new winter snow.
When the cold black clouds had swarmed above,
And the cool pale sun had set,
It seemed as if summer with bright,
Blue skies had gone for good, and yet- -!

TRACES

Charles Clark '68

when the traces of one have been
completely removed
and all the lingering marks
have grown faint and vanish before the eyes
and nothing remains branded
with one's name
when the bones and world
have crumbled into
nothingness
and returned to the originator
— then most certainly may we
say that one is dead.

EPISODE

Beverly Snowman '68

Life is like a single wave,
Alone, and all caught up in the cold, rough ocean.
This small wave struggles to survive the strong winds
and rough waters,
Knowing he must reach the shore to make his identity
known.
He must bypass all the obstacles,
Letting nothing stand in his way to reach his destination.
But the farther he goes, the tougher it gets,
And he knows only the strongest will survive.
Now he has almost made it; the shore is very close.
He takes one last look back to see what he has accomplished.
Then he thunderously breaks across the rocks,
Clinging desperately to the shoreline, for this is his
moment of glory!
He has made his mark in history. He has reached his
destination.
It is time to roll back out, into the ocean,
To be remembered only as one in a thousand episodes
of the sea.

TO THE RESCUE

Charles Pritchard '68

THERE HE WAS, a victim, struggling violently in twelve feet of water some twenty yards off shore. A quick look told me that the only way to get him to safety was a swimming rescue.

A shallow, racing dive allowed me to enter the well-known area safely and to keep the victim in sight. As I did a quick reverse behind him, preparatory to putting him into a chin tow, he whirled, diving for my head, the highest point above water. A sharp scissors kick quickly removed me from his range.

Now it would have to be the difficult, underwater approach. Well out of reach, I made a surface dive; but as I watched, the victim glided over my head after a lunge at my vanishing feet. An underwater swim around in front again quickly righted the situation. Grasp his knees, swirl him around swim to the surface and into the chin pull before the victim can react. Easy, but his reaction to turn and grab me comes as I go into cross chest carry. A shove at his shoulder returns him to the hold, and now begins the swim to shore.

The victim must be relaxing; he has not struggled since I put him into cross chest. Almost back. Now I can touch bottom. Wading ashore, I find the victim still conscious but in shock.

"Very good," my water-soaked instructor says. "Do as well when it's a real victim, and you'll have no trouble."

VIET NAM

THE VIET NAM QUESTION: PRO

Linda Maynard '69

IMAGINE OPENING the newspaper tomorrow morning to see huge black headlines stating, "Our boys are coming home!" And then imagine turning on the radio to hear a newsman announcing that President Johnson has decided to recall all United States troops from Viet Nam and let the South Viet Namese fight their own war. These announcements would be greeted with rejoicing because then there would be peace.

But would there be peace? Just because the United States pulled out of Viet Nam, the war would not stop. It would continue the same as it has been continuing, except that the Viet Cong would have a decided advantage. South Viet Nam has other allies that are now helping with supplies of troops and weapons. Will they be willing to increase these supplies and become more deeply involved after seeing how the rest of the world has reacted to the United States' involvement? In all probability a Communist victory would result, and the Communists would be one step further along in their campaign to subdue the world.

And would everyone be overcome with happiness? What about the mothers, wives, sisters, and brothers who have lost loved ones in the Viet Nam conflict? They might begin to have some doubts concerning exactly what it was for which these men gave their lives. If we give up now, they all will have died without reason.

Most people think that peace talks are the answer and that if the President would just be willing to negotiate, peace could be arranged. But it is not only the United States that would arrange the peace. North Viet Nam must present its terms too. It has. However, until the agreement is reached, peace cannot be established. President Johnson is trying his best, and no one can expect more.

On a recent radio program, a college student stated that she is supporting Eugene McCarthy for President because working with her gives her a goal, something toward which to direct her energy. She said that she is sacrificing her time and a part of her life for an idea, that of peace. Peace is the goal of mankind. It is a worthwhile cause to work for, but it so dominates our thoughts that the reason for our joining the South Viet Namese has been pushed back and all but forgotten.

What ever happened to the idea of freedom?

I COME HERE NOT TO PRAISE

John Lentini '69

THE WAR IN Viet Nam is now in its seventh year, but it is still not technically a war. It is a conflict. For seven years the United States has been striving for an honorable peace. But for seven long, bloody, less-than-honorable years, every peace feeler that came along was called a trick. Perhaps these were tricks indeed, but no action was ever taken on any of them. The reason? We are seeking an honorable peace.

Now recently a new peace offer has been made by North Viet Nam. The terms are simple: "You stop bombing; we'll talk peace." So far, no action has been taken. The President simply gets out his tape-recorded message to the North Viet Namese which says, "We'll stop bombing; if you stop helping the Viet Cong." This is unfair in any book. The message should read, "If you stop helping the Viet Cong, we'll stop helping the South Viet Namese." Almost a month has gone by since the original peace offer. Five hundred more American soldiers have met their horrible deaths. But we are seeking an honorable peace.

The President was elected to make decisions. So far he hasn't made any. The course we are following in the Viet Nam "conflict" is obviously inadequate. But we are seeking an honorable peace.

The President should give the peace feeler a chance. If he stopped bombing and the North Viet Namese came to the conference table, maybe an honorable peace would be the outcome. If they still refused to talk peace we should interpret this action as meaning that they want war. In that case the President should declare all-out war on the North. The same thing happened in Korea under Truman. He refused to declare all-out war. We are still fighting there. There has been no honorable peace.

President Johnson, through the latest peace offer, has been given a chance to turn a wasteful, useless conflict into something different. He has a chance to save many lives. Let us really seek an honorable peace.

THE SPY

As has been Reflector policy in the past, this article has been created solely for the entertainment of our audience. Any relation which the reader may find between the material presented in this article and the actual facts, or between any character therein and any teacher of W.H.S., is purely accidental. Therefore, this article is in keeping with all of the standards hitherto ratified by the magazine staff and its editor; these are honesty, charity, and love.

"HELLO, CHIEF? Agent 4. What's up?"

"Agent 4? Oh, I'm glad you called. I've got two things to tell you."

"What's that, Chief?"

"First of all . . . well, maybe you better sit down. I wouldn't want you to have another accident."

"Accident? What d'ya mean, Chief?"

"Well, you remember when you heard last year that you had been demoted from Agent 3 to Agent 4 and you thought you were going to have a heart failure so you grabbed your chest and accidentally fired the pistol in your shoulder holster?"

"Oh ya . . . it cost eighty dollars to fix the phone I shot, didn't it! Well, you won't have to worry this time, Chief. I understand that since I haven't been active for a while, I may have dropped a place or two. Which am I? Five or . . . "

"Agent 4, why don't you sit down?"

"Even if it's seven, I'll understand, I mean . . . "

"It's 89."

"Bang!"

"Oh, no! Agent 89, what'd you hit?"

"Nothing serious, Chief. I'll just get out the old tourniquet . . . "

"Agent 89! Put that thing away! You know that's only for emergencies."

"Well, I didn't have a band-aid."

"Never mind now. The second thing I wanted to tell you was that you must report back here as soon as possible. It's an emergency."

"Big assignment? I bet you couldn't trust anyone but me with it. Well, I'm really flattered, Chief . . . "

"No, Agent 89. You left with the keys to the custodian's office, and he hasn't cleaned this place up for months. If you don't get back here with those keys, we'll be overrun."

"Oh. Well, I guess that is pretty important. I'll see you later then, Chief."

"Wait a minute, Agent 89."

"What d'ya want, Chief?"

"Why did you call?"

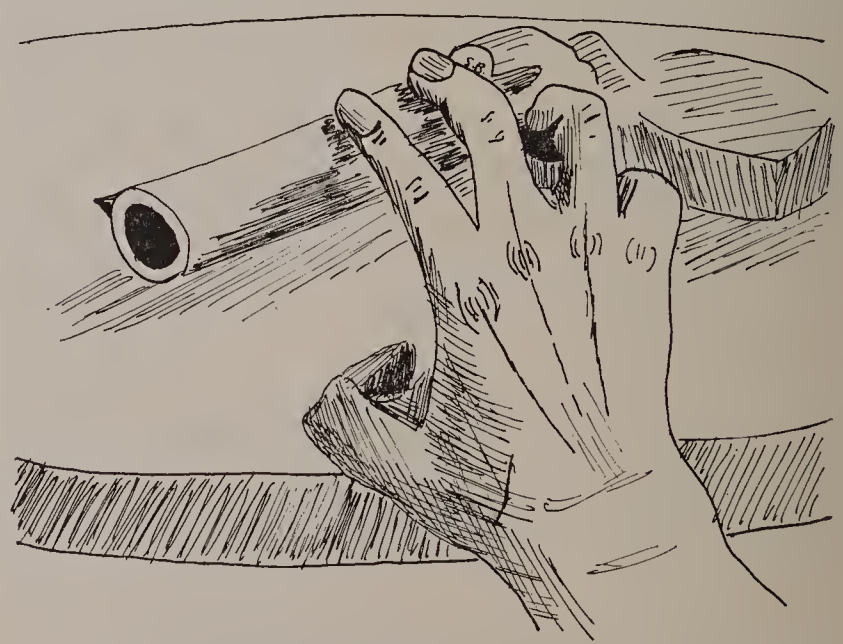
"That's right, too. I *did* call you. Chief, while I've been here in Weymouth, I've kept the old eyes open. Yessir, these baby-blues have been working right around the clock."

"Agent 89, what are you trying to say?"

"Well, I've caught onto a real suspicious character. I've been watching him for about three months. From the information I've been able to gather, he's part of an organization called *Pecos*."

"What does that stand for?"

"Oh, not a thing. However, all of its agents were former members of the French resistance during World War II. They still think that the war is on. Whenever I'm in his class,he's talking about his old flying days



or how there's been another enemy offensive. You know, he even got us to read a book about him flying around in South America."

"South America? What was he doing down there?"

"Oh, he never has been to South America; he changed the plot, characters, and background so that no one would know that it was really him in the story."

"Well, how did you figure out that it was his story then?"

"Simple, Chief. He was a flyer during the war and so was this guy in the book!"

"Maybe he just liked reading war stories."

"Don't you think that that's a little far-fetched, Chief?"

"Oh, well. What does he teach, anyway? His native tongue, I suppose."

"Wrong, Chief. He teaches French. I thought you'd pick that up! I mean its only natural . . . "

"Agent 89, would you stick to the subject?"

"O.K. Anyway, *Pecos* is trying to rout the Germans . . . "

"Exactly where are these Germans?

"Chief, do you remember when the Germans beat France in the war?"

"Of course."

"Well, where was the last place France was thrown out of?"

"Oh no! Not Vietnam!"

"Right, Chief. This guy says his job is to demonstrate against the war in America while the other agents are over there resisting the enemy."

"But we're fighting the Viet Cong, not the Germans."

"Ever try telling a Frenchman that? He says they're all in disguise."

"That's impossible!"

"Not at all . . . how do you think I got all this information anyway?"

"How?"

"Disguised as his cocker spaniel, Adolph, for three days. I would have stayed longer, but the dogfood nearly killed me and he was going to take me to the vet!"

"Agent 89, that was a stupid thing to do. You could have been discovered."

"Not at all, Chief. In fact, with two more weeks of school lunches, I'll be able to withstand a period of four days with no side effects!"

"All I can say is be careful that he doesn't find out. I've heard of these French spies."

"That's the funny part about it, Chief. He did discover me and we got to be pretty friendly. In fact, he's right here now. Would you like to talk to him?"

"Sock it to me!"

"Go ahead, Pecos, say something to Chief."

"Choses bizarres et curieuses."

"Well, if that's all, 89, we'll see you tonight, *with* the keys."

"Wrong again, Chief. I've got detention. I forgot my note and they gave me twenty-six nights. But before you go, I thought you might like to know how to really throw a scare into a *Pecos* agent."

"How's that?"

"Just sneak up behind him and yell, *'Achtung, Schwein!'* I gave him high blood pressure with that one night."

"Well, I guess you'll be back again in June."

"That all depends, Chief. You see, my guidance counselor wants me to go to college. He suggested Bowdoin but I've sort of had my eye on Harvey Mudd. Chief? Could I ask your advice?"

"Well, Agent 89, I'll tell you. That all depends upon what you want to be when you grow up . . . "

The Last Will
AND TESTAMENT
of the
SENIOR CLASS

Know all men by these presents,

THAT WE, THE SENIOR CLASS of Weymouth High School, of Weymouth, Norfolk County, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do make this our last will hereby adding to the confusion heretofore caused by us, and bequeath the following to the administration and faculty of this beloved institution:

To Miss Andem:	A six-pack of gum.
To Mr. Brizzi:	A chance to apppear on the Ted Mack hour with a three-way mirror.
To Mr. Carey:	His little red schoolhouse, and all the rules to go with it.
To Mr. Chop:	A Dr. Chop medical kit.
To Mr. Clancy:	A new never-fail transparency machine, guaranteed against breakage, and a World War I flying suit with tinted goggles.
To Mr. Clayton:	One dozen recording tapes of Lee Fay in the Campus Room.
To Mr. Concannon:	A Marine division.
To Mr. Delahunt:	A backyard swimming pool.
To Mr. Dolan:	A creatively designed box full of scissors with 104 painted on it in flourescent orange paint.
To Mr. Dow:	A pair of P. F. Flyers to get around in study halls, and 845 poet laureates who use only *Word Wealth* words.
To Miss Flynn:	Two cans of Nutrament.
To Mr. Fox:	The leftover chocolate chip ice cream.
To Mr. Ghiorse:	Kevin Lancaster, and a ripple with a label giving its speed of propagation.
To Mr. Hartwell:	A year's supply of greasy kid stuff.
To Miss Johnson:	A single Charles de Gaulle.
To Mr. W. T. Kearns:	A senior class with 845 *new* excuses for absence.
To Mr. Kelly:	A junior class so perfect it will never be represented in detention.
To Mr. Martin:	Our absence.
To Mr. Masters:	A Boston accent.
To Mr. McCarthy:	A gold-plated little black book.
To Miss Norris:	A more attentive senior class.
To Mr. O'Meara:	One dozen lively praying mantises.
To Miss Pearson:	A cleaner girls' room.
To Mr. Player:	A year's supply of black coffee and cigars for breakfast.
To Mr. Porter:	A French translation of *The Communist Manisfesto,* and a dromedary with *three* humps.
To Mr. Powers:	A gold star for each "kill" in the basement.

To Mrs. Sapsin: Thirty (30) advanced Latin scholars.

To Mrs. Skehan: A lifetime subscription to the Wall Street Journal.

To Mr. Swanson: Lifetime supplies of colored chalk and chalk dust remover, and a pacing machine to slow down his mind.

To the Pep Club: More boys.

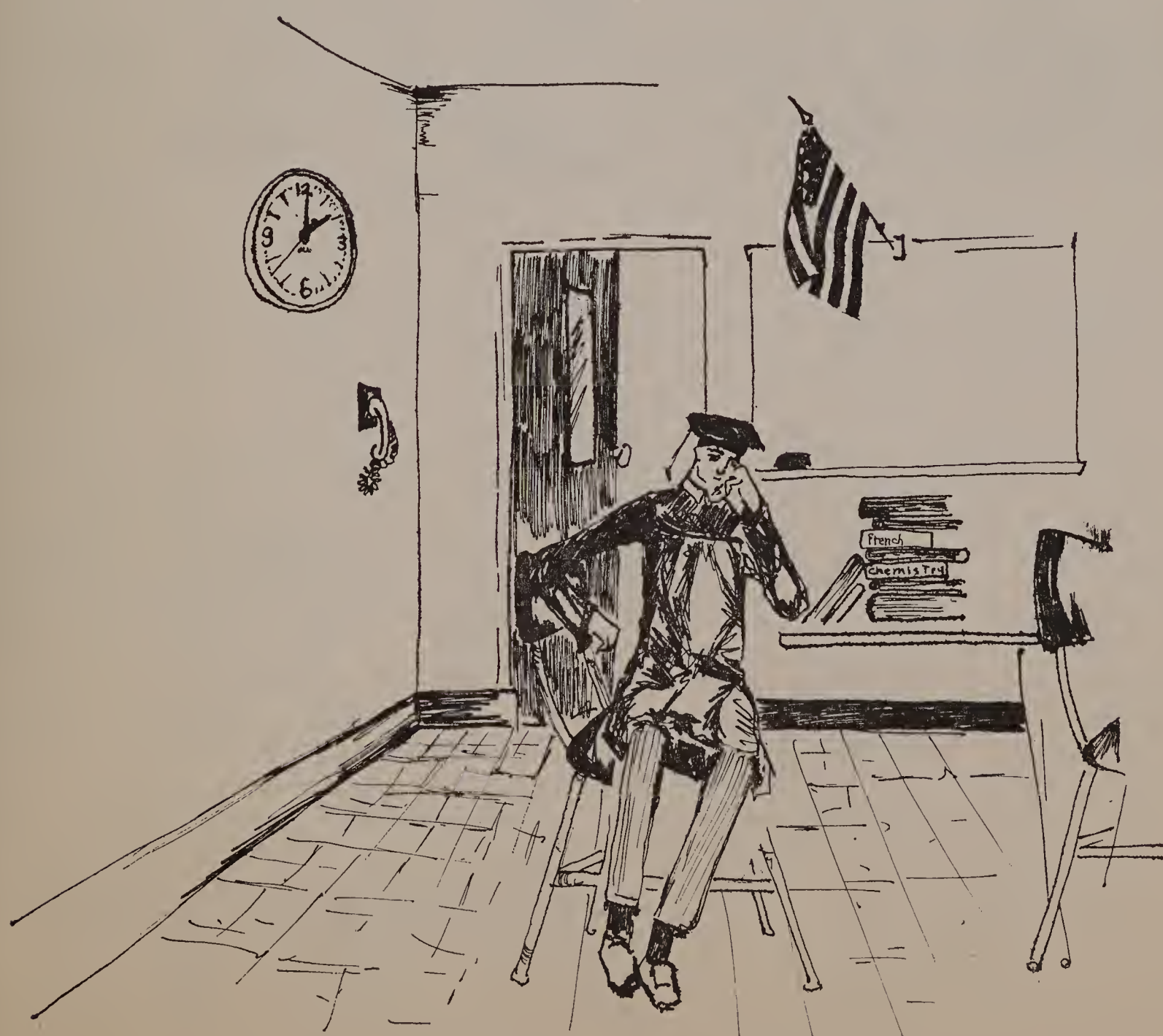
To the Class of 1969: Alka-Seltzer for that after-lunch feeling.

For the basements: Air pollution control experts.

To the people of Red China and North Vietnam: All the school rice you can eat.

In testimony whereof, we, the Senior Class of Weymouth High School, have hereunto set our hand and seal this month of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-eight.

THE CLASS OF 1968



Over the great arched doorway in letters of brazen gold we read the stirring inscription:

YE GLORIOUS YESTERYEAR

THE THOUGHT that the class of '68 had donated an entire wax museum to Weymouth High School inspired us simultaneously to break forth into the strains of "Cross of Gray" in two-part harmony. Absorbed as we were in our heartfelt tribute to our beloved *Alma Mater,* we failed to notice the large crowd which had gathered around us. Suddenly our attention was arrested by the largest smile in the crowd, belonging to a small and impeccably dressed lady, Miss Ochs, curator of the museum. She greeted us warmly and begged us to ask for assistance if we should need any. The crowd, realizing that the performance was over, dispersed; and we turned to the first display window.

There she stood, Lieutenant P. Andem, upon whose frail shoulders rested the entire responsibility of the field hospital. Many a moan was stifled at the sight of the brave woman whose cheerfulness was always contagious. She will never be forgotten.

The following showcase portrayed the "Salt of the Earth," Ma and Pa Clayton, performing in their immortal Rural Rice Puffs commercial. The rain of Rice Puffs from off-stage cannon almost hid the step-ladder standing under Pa. Ma was knitting blue baby booties, and in our minds we could still hear her shrill soprano voice piping, "Please buy our Rice Puffs," and Pa's deep bass chiming in, "They're made from rice."

Light from an artificial sun lamp beat down on Mary Toomey's calico sunbonnet in the next window. Her keen eyes gazed back for a moment upon the winding wagon train. The determined look on the face of "Marlboro Mary" promised that this brave scout wouldn't fail the pioneers during their journey west. We will never forget her great esteem for human courage.

We were passing on to the next exhibit when we suddenly noticed a slight movement in a small, dark, adjoining room. Our muted footsteps did not disturb the figures kneeling around the statue in the center of the room. The light of a single candle cast a soft glow on the benign visage of Saint Gerard of Swanson. The faithful following prayed to the divine scholar and his sacred abacus for heavenly assistance in earthly matters. In respectful awe we silently withdrew.

The beautiful mountain scene was well reconstructed in a huge display window. Leading the mountain climbing expedition, which was nearing the summit, was

blithe Dottie Pearson. We could almost hear her merrily singing "Oh! How I Hate to Get up in the Morning," as she kept her eyes peeled for new exotic specimens of geraniums. Close behind "Precipice" Pearson was "Edelweiss" Ed Meehan, hanging on to the rope around his waist with both hands. Then came a walking pile of luggage and camping equipment; no, under the paraphernalia we spied Jackie Chittenden. Although she was holding up rather well under the burden, we could tell by the expression on her stoic countenance just what she thought of "Edelweiss's" theory of male and female equality. Last but not least of the hardy mountaineers was Paul "Pantry" Fox. In his picnic basket he carried a wide range of tasty goodies—from borsch to sea worms. Hovering over the summit of the mountain was a beautiful, radiant angel. Senior reference officer Dot O'Brien had taken a day off from Heaven to see Olympus conquered. Sir Edmund Hillary himself could not have better graced these alpine slopes.

A soiree at the plush Washington home of millionairess Jean Kovac was depicted in the following display. Seated at the Steinway concert grand, his hands poised diplomatically over the keyboard, was virtuoso Roger J.P. Dow. With a refined smile the maestro was glancing at the devoted young ladies standing gracefully around the piano. The soft music of a Chopin nocturne provided an appropriate background for a friendly battle of words going on nearby. Secretary of the Navy Clement V. Horrigan and Commandant William L. Concannon of the Marine Corps appeared to be engaged in their favorite topic of conversation, the relative merit of their respective services. The Commandant's famous words seemed to ring in our ears: "The Navy takes the rejects." A short distance away the hostess, elegantly clad in an emerald cocktail

gown, was introducing two of the most prominent women on the U. S. political scene. Secretary of Defense "Ginny" Cullity's hand was graciously extended to famous federal mediator Mary Doucette, who politely overlooked the Secretary's boat shoes. People such as these make our country great.

A far cry from this high society setting was the scene which followed. In the small garden of a tropical mission Sister Joyce Cooksey sat watching the antics of a playful kitten. In spite of its bandaged leg the tiny

animal was scrambling up into the lap of a statue of Father Richard Dwyer, famed poet and founder of the mission. A plaque beneath the benevolent figure bore the inscription from Saint Francis of Assisi: "Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace." These words had guided the life of the busy priest and had served as a motto for the quiet, devoted young nun.

A weird, strange type of music emanated from loudspeakers in the next display case. "Baby, You're All Mine" Crowley stood, trusty guitar poised, identifying with the adolescents. Well-known sprite "Muscles" McCarthy gave an ethereal touch to the group. The sweet notes of his harp added "something" to the music. No ensemble would be complete without an organ. No organ would be complete without Nancy Orton, who specialized in melodies with a British flavor. The Tutorial Trio proved that educators can be a revolutionary force in America.

The bird house of the Commercial Street Zoo was recreated in the next case. Outside the pigeon cage stood zookeeper John K. Delahunt, a credit to the profession. J. K. had treated all the animals with great understanding for years. He never rested until he was positive that they had been well cared for. At the entrance to the bird house, ready to leap into the air, was O'Meara, Great White Hunter of the zoo. At the moment, armed with his trusty butterfly net, he was endeavoring to trap a flying squirrel who was seeking aid from the birds.

A tribute to the wonderful world of the theater was given in the following case. There we saw one of the historic moments of drama as Florence Johnson played her immortal role in the original stage version of "Divorce–Russian Style." Our close-up view of the great actress revealed lines of worry in her expressive face. Nothing, however, could detract from the magnetism of her proud eye, at this moment fixed on director Jack Rudolph, sitting near the side of the stage. J. R.'s uncompromising and experienced look showed us that he was well qualified to interpret the part of the attractive young divorcee.

The world of sports was well represented in the class of 1968's wax museum. The final case displayed the broadcasting studio of WHDH radio, where Christopher "Jockey" O'Byrne was interviewing some of America's sports greats. This versatile DJ's highly trained voice was well-known to editorial lovers everywhere. C.O.'s specialties consisted of practical subjects ranging from Outwitting Inertia to Being a Gracious but Shrewd Guest. Longwood mixed doubles' champions Norman Loud and Lucinda Stipek were speaking of their enjoyment of tennis. "Love-All" Loud knew so much about his field that he was thought to have invented it. Shy Jim O'Malley and exuberant Jim Brizzi were delivering quite a profound discourse on surfing, their vocation. Both wore striped jams and silver sandals. "Babyface" Brizzi wore his favorite blonde wig.

As we again passed through the archway into the world of reality, we knew that the class of '68 had wisely chosen the people to be honored in its wax museum. Thinking back to our own high school days, we felt that, although each had made a significant contribution to his selected field, any one of them could have made an important addition to our educational experience.

Linda Maynard '69 — Diane Maynard '68

Alice Palmer '68 — Nancy Sciarappa '68

JUDGING A DEBATE

Nancy Sciarappa '68

DEBATE judging is a grueling, ulcer-forming, hazardous task, done successfully by a miniscule number of individuals. A reasonable degree of proficiency in this field can be attained after intensive study of some atrocious judges whom the author has met in the past. Names will be withheld to protect the guilty.

Granny Hoopy is a sweet old lady. She walked into a room last year where Weymouth was debating another school. To the "other team" she blithely chirped, "Why, hello there! I haven't seen you for a long time, dears!" Granny, you see, is a slightly prejudiced judge. Beware of this type of woman. If you ever debate, do not become angry with your opponents. Granny has a strong protective mother instinct.

Please do not try to emulate Mr. Tired And Hungry, who is the kind of judge debaters hate to see coming. Certain symptoms will warn you that you are becoming another T. A. Hungry. You will feel nervous, tired, hot, angry, and headachey. Your wristwatch will have a mysterious attraction for your eyes, and you will stop the debaters before they have used all their speaking time.

In existence is a large family of judges, ranging from Andrew to Zelda, the What-Is-Going-On? family. These people have never seen a debate in their lives before they are recruited as judges. Some are speech teachers; others are history teachers. Most have merely unwittingly wandered into a tournament. Strangely enough, this family does no more harm than any of the other incompetent judges do.

The I-Know-It-All family has four members who judge debates. Mr. College Student Debater has money and connections; this is why he is in college. Unfortunately, he does not know that, or anything else of importance. Mr. Bartlett's Familiar Quotations will argue to the grave that Tonto is not an expert on the Lone Ranger, although a debater may know them both personally. Mr. Good Advice assures all debaters that their plans to improve upon present situations will never work properly. Mr. Personal Experience knows everything. He marks debaters down for their faulty ideas even though their opponents do not mention these mistakes.

The author will now give you four Helpful Hints for Judging in the order of their usefulness in a debate.

First, to know the topic being debated is a great help. If you do not know it, act reasonably intelligent. Do not fall senseless to the floor after screaming in anguish when the resolution is written on the blackboard. In short, keep your cool.

Secondly, inspire confidence in nervously shaking debaters. Smile, nod enthusiastically, and wave your arm in the air, having formed a circle with thumb and forefinger.

Let the timekeeper remember how many speeches have been given. Do not, as the author did, end the debate after only two of the four rebuttal speeches have been given. If you forget this advice and commit this blunder, try not to look too foolish. Tell the debaters that you are accustomed to Sweden's form of forensic competition or that they were boring you.

Finally, if a young person becomes rude and begins to tell you just what he thinks of your abilities, tell him that every word he utters is lowering his score. Remember that you are the judge; you are King!

SOPHOMORE PLAY

"How is he, Doctor?"

THE SOPHOMORE play was presented April 3 and 5 under the direction of Mrs. Lutz. This year's contribution was the comedy, *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* written by George Kaufman and Moss Hart.

In the play Sheridan Whiteside, a famous author and radio and theatre personality, injures his hip and is confined to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Stanley in a small town in Ohio. Mr. Whiteside's self-interested, domineering and interfering personality completely upsets the Stanley residence; for example, Richard Stanley is encouraged to run away to photograph the world, his sister June is advised to marry a hippy, Whiteside threatens to sue Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Stanley attempts legal action against Mr. Whiteside. Visiting theatre personalities and a love interest between Whiteside's secretary Maggie Cutler and Bert Jefferson, a local newspaper man, add complication and more comedy to the plot. Of course, a successful conclusion was brought about by the discovery of a hatchet murderess. It is unfortunate that there weren't more people supporting the play to find out exactly how this happened.

The cast included:

Nancy Alcuskey,* Mary Mulready ..... *Mrs. Earnest W. Stanley*
Betsey Walters ..... *Miss Preen*
Mark Mulready ..... *Richard Stanley*
Mary Rae,* Lee Tringali ..... *June Stanley*
Ann Jefferson ..... *Sarah*
Thomas Malley ..... *John*
Mildred Daley ..... *Mrs. Dexter*
Joanne D'Alcomo ..... *Mrs. McCutcheon*
Charles White ..... *Mr. Stanley*
Mary Schuster,* Linda Dussault ..... *Maggie Cutler*
Philip Drouin ..... *Dr. Bradley*
Peter Griswold ..... *Sheridan Whiteside*
Lea Julkowski,* Evelyn McDonald ..... *Harriet Stanley*
Joseph Adams,* Ronald Bentley ..... *Bert Jefferson*
William Concannon, Kevin Coyne ..... *The Luncheon Guests*
Ronald Bentley,* Joseph Adams ..... *Policeman*
Michael Cunningham ..... *Expressman*
Jeanne Walsh ..... *Lorraine Sheldon*
William Robinson ..... *Sandy*
William Concannon ..... *Beverly Carlton*
Kevin Coyne ..... *Westcott*
Jeanne Schuster, James Concannon, Susan Oliva, Denis Concannon, Barbara Rae, James Dussault, Elizabeth Rae, Stephen Oliva ..... *Choir Children*
Matthew Oliva ..... *Banjo*
Linda Palmieri, William Concannon ..... *Student Directors*

The production was well organized and well cast with excellent comedic contrasts. Certain members of the cast should be singled out for commendation. Peter Griswold as the caustic, bearded Sheridan Whiteside gave just the right timing and sarcasm to his lines. Charles White's portrayal of the exasperated Earnest Stanley was most entertaining. However, special notice should be paid to Miss Jeanne Walsh as actress Lorraine Sheldon. Her voice, her manerisms, and her almost professional poise on stage helped her to make the most of a very funny part. The entire company deserves congratulations.

What is especially pleasant to note about this play is that it promises more talent (especially male talent) for next year's junior-senior productions. Well, group, we'll just have to watch out for those juniors next year.

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*Wednesday night cast members.

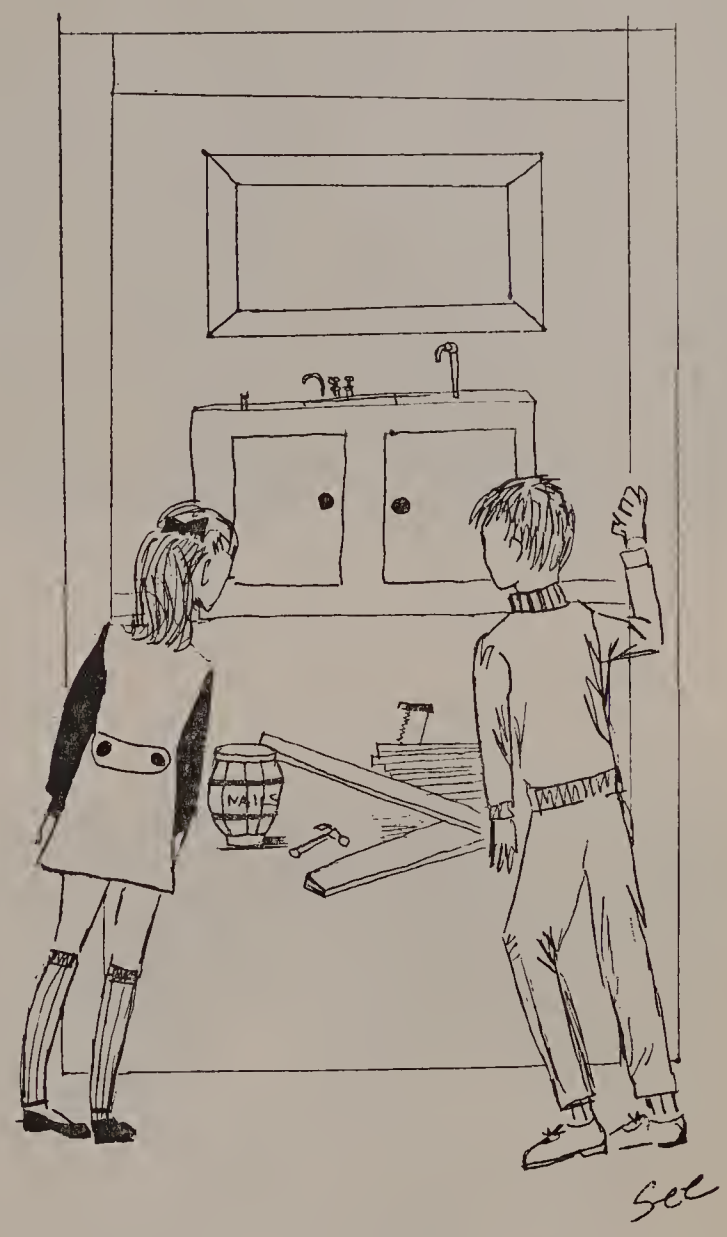
A NEW CLASSROOM

Michael McGlynn '68

When you are in the third grade, you have very little to think or worry about, and a simple experience can mean very much to you.

I was in the third grade at Pond School and assigned to what I thought had to be the oldest and stuffiest room in the whole school. It was a typical old classroom where pupils searched for the best creak in the wooden floor, where there was still a black blackboard, and where a large picture of nothing interesting hung on a wall that seemed to climb forever upward. What it resembled was a pit. The floor level was about four feet below ground level and the windows in the back gave a good view of people's legs because the shades wouldn't go any higher. It was a rather ancient classroom, and when our teacher came in one morning in the spring and announced we were being assigned to one of the rooms being built in the new wing, we were naturally excited.

From that day on we made weekly visits to the new room and carefully examined it under the noses of those wonderful workers. We watched as it grew from an empty box to a beautifully tiled, painted, and lighted classroom with a shiny new aluminum sink and a sneaky bubbler that always caught someone who put his face too close. And when we finally moved in, how we bragged about our new classroom at recess! It was the only time I was glad I was not a sixth grader, but just a third grader.



SPANISH CLUB

This year the Spanish Club, which usually meets on Thursday, has been quite active. Members planned a successful going away party for Miss Rodgers, their former teacher-sponsor. Mr. Player now holds that responsibility. During the Goodwill Brotherhood week, the club was responsible for the sign *Coja La Puerta*. On an outing to the Boston Back Bay Theatre, they saw Antonio, the famous Spanish Flamenco dancer. The Spanish Club will have a booth at the Mardi Gras and hopes to see you there! (Were you?)

MATH CLUB

The Weymouth High School math team, under the guidance of Mr. Duseau and Mrs. Clayton, meets during the week to discuss what should be studied for the forthcoming competitions. The team, consisting of Peter Gordon, Toby Lyons, Paul Watson, Cathy Owens, and Kevin Beggs, prepares for an actual test that is given to all the participating high schools: Braintree, Thayer, Quincy, Holbrook, and Hingham.

At the first meet in Braintree, Weymouth placed sixth in the standings, but in the second at Thayer Academy, our team placed third. The third competition was held at Weymouth High School, and the team placed fifth. Perhaps more school support would help the math team in their standings.

The Student Council TALENT SHOW

Karin Davis sings.

It's THE Johnny Parsons Show. And h-e-e-e-r-e's Johnny," exclaimed the announcer, and Johnny Parsons, alias Tom Young, sauntered onto the stage for his "weekly" TV show. Gayly bringing up the rear was his trusty assistant Ed Shazam, alais Bob Gumpright.

After a few sparkling moments of conversation between Johnny and Ed, our star introduced his first guest, the talented Judy Christian, who sang "You're Nobody 'till Somebody Loves You" and "Second Hand Rose." Time out for a commercial (naturally); then the *Smothers Sisters of Weymouth High,* Maureen Meskimen and Ellen Snow, performed an hilarious satire on world and local problems. Guests number three were the *Mother's Little Helpers,* a fantastic folk group composed of Nancy Saraceno, Nancy Ristuccia, Debbie Bouchard. They did "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right."

A brief (?) commercial followed. Johnny's next guest, Bruce Eshner, skillfully played a classical piece on the organ. Following Bruce, Pat Sullivan sang the lovely theme from the film *Valley of the Dolls* and the romantic "On a Clear Day." Then, straight from Carnegie Hall came the self-taught pianist Rick Currier. His professional style with "He Walked Into My Life" and "Thoroughly Modern Millie" really wowed everyone.

The annual pie in the face.

One commercial later Johnny introduced the folk team of Sue Swart and Sue Thomas, who made perfect harmony together. *Kahuna and the Mooners,* made up of five out-of-sight musicians, ended the first act with a psychedelic instrumental.

Jeanne Oteri headed the second act with a graceful dance. Then singer Ellen Delorey did the fast-paced "Walk On By." Johnny's next guest, Paul Sullivan, surprised the audience with his talent for playing classical as well as rock music. Paul then had to get back quickly to his organ, for Kahuna provided background music for Janis Hunter, who with "Dancin' in the Street" entertained by both singing and dancing.

Edie Beatty and Diane Connolly, folk singers, did "Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye" and the ever inspiring "Mariah." Superb performers they were among the greatest acts of the show. However, the top act in my opinion and in that of those around me, was the wondrous Karin Davis. She can not only swing a solo, but also appears with a folk group of four in coffee houses, shows, and folk gatherings all over Massachusetts.

The Senior Novelty Act concluded the acts. The participants did a rollicking satire on good ol' Weymouth High itself; its dress regulations and rules against smoking in the basements were made hilarious. Our two M.C.'s, Johnny and Ed, wound up the show with Kahuna doing "Sunny" and "In the Midnight Hour" as the entire cast danced on stage.

Thus ended the 1968 Student Council Talent Show, and a fine show it was. Special thanks go to the faculty advisors, Mr. Brizzi, Miss Martinez, and Mr. Masters, who organized the evening; to Miss Hill, who was in charge of the programs; and to Tom Young, who wrote the scripts.

Cleaning woman Kathy O'Brien is escorted off-stage.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!

Nancy Sciarappa '68

" 'OH! PLEASE DON'T take our breakfast soup,' cried Uncle Wiggily quickly.

" 'Yes, I shall!' impolitely yelled the tiddlewink, and with that he took a sip of the hot soup. Oh! It was very hot!

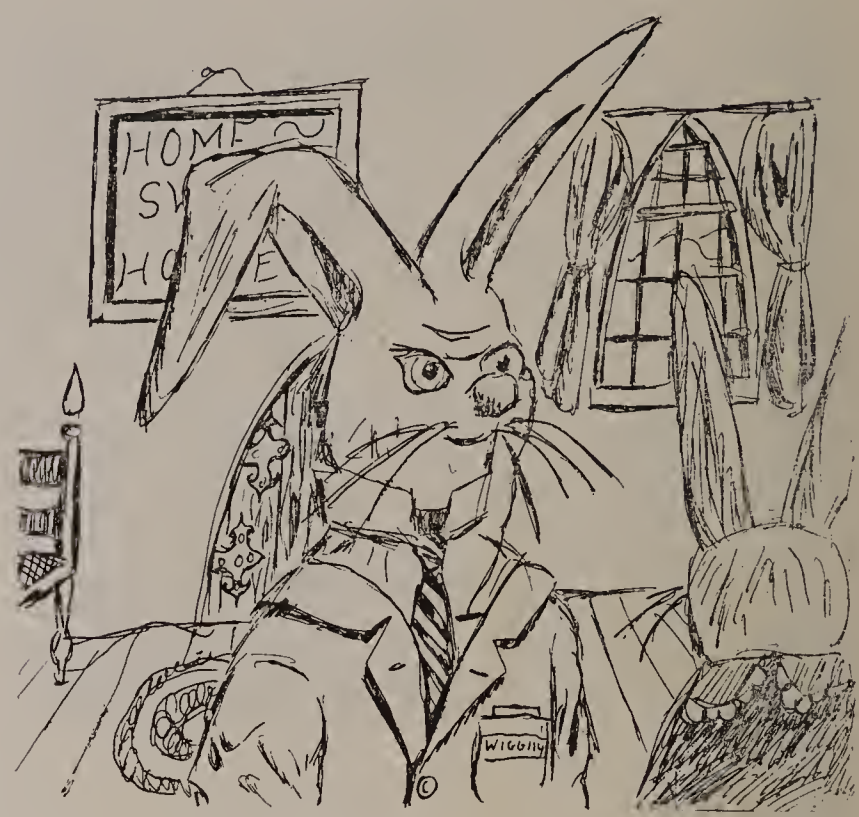
" 'Wow! Wunk! Crack-o! Bango! Popcornballs and skilligimink lollypops!' cried the tiddlewink, and into the lake he jumped."

Later, the tiddlewink almost froze his paws on a can of ice cream he had stolen from Uncle Wiggily.

" 'Oh trolley cars! Oh, if I only had hot soup!' he yelled."

Unfortunately, too many people today can be classified as "tiddlewinks," unhappy individuals such as the one in Howard Garis's *Uncle Wiggily in the Country,* who wish for whatever they do not have. Self-pity, depression, and sadness are found too frequently in our modern and confused world. The reason for this overabundance of worry and ulcer-creation is simple. Difficulties concerning school, money, family, acquaintances, and surroundings are related to oneself and then magnified. Presto! An insurmountable problem is born! There is no need, however, to give up the ship.

Method number one shall be referred to as the "Pollyanna method" of cheering oneself up. The depressed person merely mulls over the problem at hand and thinks of the bright side of it, just as the main character of *Pollyanna* did. For example, this method could very easily remedy the frustration caused by a



leaking school building. Why, if rain did not enter the school, a great flood might rise up and necessitate the evacuation of an entire town.

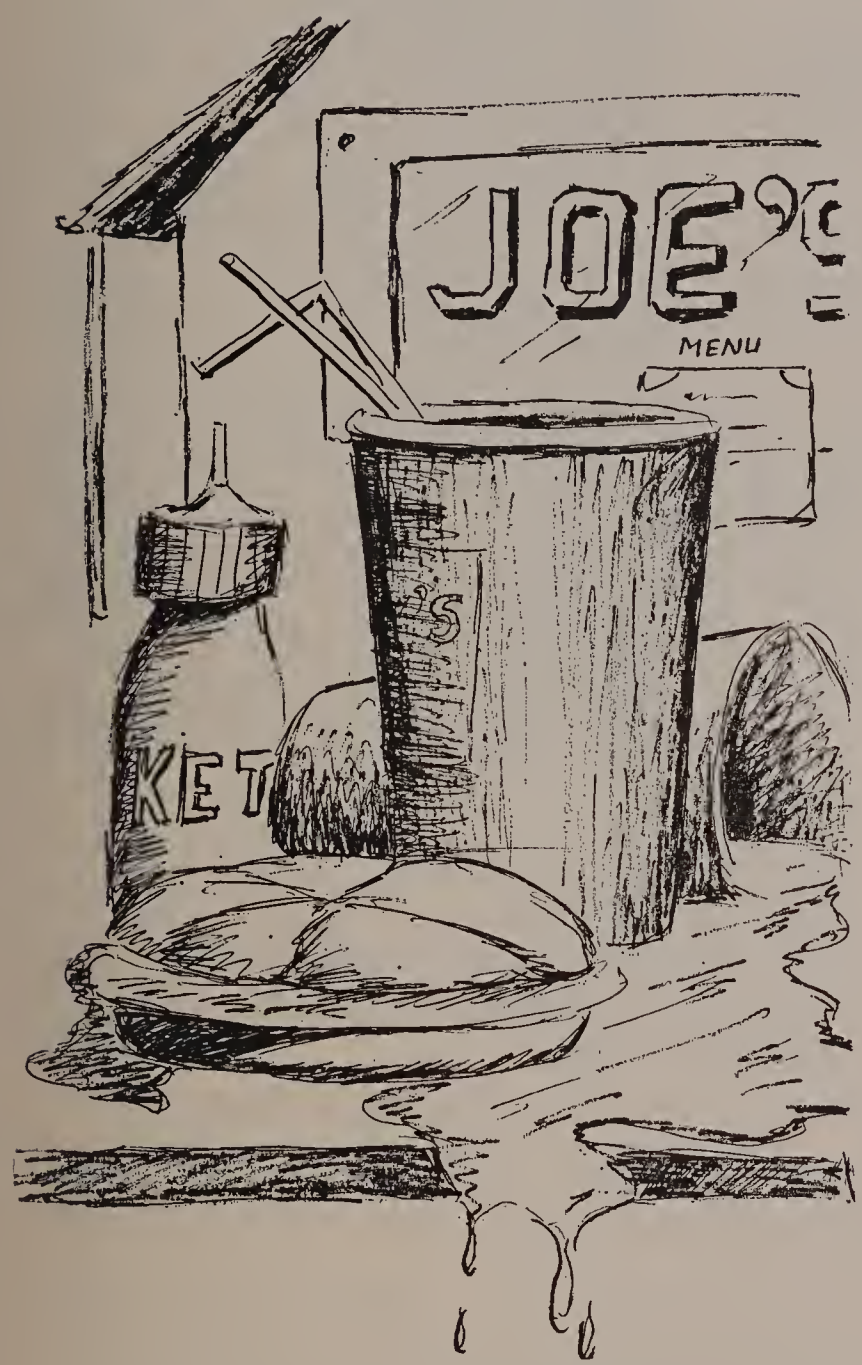
The "Cricket method" of overcoming sadness comes from the Uncle Wiggily stories. One day, Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy feels compassion for a poor-looking cricket with ragged clothes, who asks her for a carrot sandwich. He insists upon his happy state of mind, and then proceeds to chase the blues from Uncle Wiggily, an old rabbit gentleman with rheumatism. By using the "Cricket method," a person with a splitting headache need only remember poor Marie Antoinette, who did not have a head to have a headache in.

Unlike the "Pollyanna" and Cricket" methods, the "Escapist method" requires no self-induced optimism. The author of this article highly recommends escapist tactics. All that is required by this third method of chasing the blues away is a television tuned to Channel Two. "The Friendly Giant" opens the drawbridge to the happiness lost since childhood. "Louis Lyons's News and Commentary" convinces the viewer that there is, indeed, equal opportunity for all people with ambition. In "Making Things Grow" and "The French Chef," Thalessa Cruso and Julia Child demonstrate the vast enjoyment one can get from horticulture and French cuisine.

If none of the afore-mentioned procedures work, reading a chapter of *Uncle Wiggily in the Country* is certain to dissipate one's troubles. Society has no need for confirmed "tiddlewinks."

HOW TO BE A GOOD CUSTOMER

Kathleen O'Brien '68



For a long time now, American pleasure seekers have been troubled by the following question: what does one do to be a good customer? I work as a waitress and therefore feel qualified to answer this query. How easy it is to bring a smile to the girl behind the counter!

1. Always come in a station wagon with children, lots and lots of children! A waitress finds nothing more stimulating than seeing a carload of wide-eyed innocent darlings about to enter her establishment.

2. Remember to sit in the car for half an hour deciding what to buy. This allows the waitress time to stand in front of her register and tap on the keys with a pencil.

3. Once inside, make sure to stand in front of the waitress for another half hour, deciding. This gives her time to continue with her important work of pencil-tapping.

4. When you have finally made up your mind, change the order constantly as she writes. To watch a counter girl use her eraser is always interesting.

5. When you eventually get your order straightened out, give her a laugh: hand her a twenty dollar bill!

6. Ordering drinks can be loads of fun. Try this: Order a coke. Then wait for her to ask whether you want a large one or a small one. Answer, "Yes" Be sure to wait until she fills the cups before telling her you prefer no ice. Seeing good coke being wasted is entertaining. Seeing the waitress's fingers become brown and sticky is also a lark.

7. When your food is ready, remember to tell her that you want it to take out. After she has put it into bags, change your mind. Then yell out to the car, "Hey Ethel! We can eat in here! There's tables. Bring in the kids!" (Personally, I enjoy taking food out of bags as much as putting it in.)

8. After the children have stampeded through the store, get them to settle down in the chairs you have removed from the other tables. Always have one of the little lovables spill his drink. Lifting mops improves a waitress's figure.

9. This next part is tricky, involving skillful timing. Watch the counter girl carefully to see when she goes out back to sit down and have a long-awaited cigarette. The minute you see her person hit the chair rush up to the counter and try to get her attention. Coughing helps. Another effective method is to tap on the Formica with a quarter. When she finally balances her cigarette on the end of back table and emerges to see what the heck else you want take another half hour to decide. This time you have the added enjoyment of seeing her worried look as the cigarette leaves a cute black line on the smoldering table. Be sure to ask her for napkins at this time and watch her happy expression as she points out that they are on the counter in front of you. Ah, the joy of a satisfied customer!

10. When you are finished with your meal, get out quickly, leaving all your trash on the table for the waitress to clean up. After all, she has nothing else to do.

Restaurant workers count 1,896 cute things customer do to endear themselves to waitresses. You have just seen ten of them.

I AM NOT CRAZY

Noreen Jackson '69

I WAS WALKING through the meadow when I heard a strange noise. Investigating, I walked toward the sound.

Then I saw him! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. About two feet from the place where I stood was, you won't believe this, an elf. At least I think he was an elf. I mean, I haven't met too many elves before. Anyway he was there. He was only about a foot tall. He was wearing purple trousers, a bright red shirt, a paisley belt, and the strangest hat I've ever seen. I was a little shocked to say the least. I mean, those clothes! I always thought elves wore green all the time, but, as I said before, I'm not an expert on the behavior of elves.

Well, anyway, there he was, like a nut dancing around a stupid pink flower. He seemed to think it very important to run around in a circle, grab a petal from the flower, jump up in the air, and then do the whole thing over again. It didn't seem too swift to me, but then I wasn't too sure about my sanity at the moment, either.

Suddenly he stopped, looked at me and said in a correct British accent, "I beg your pardon, but this is a private party, and I wish you would leave. You are disturbing my guests." I didn't know what to say, but I was very calm. I didn't scream or do anything crazy like that. I just ran. I wasn't scared; I don't want you to get that idea. I just don't like having dreams talk to me. I mean it is rather upsetting.

I decided not to tell anyone, but then I did. I told my best friend. Some best friend! He told me to wait for him and he'd be right back with a sack so that we could catch the little guy. He came back all right but he wasn't alone. He brought two gentlemen in nice white coats along with him.

So here I am, sitting on my nice white bed, in my nice white room, in my nice white strait jacket. The way I figure it, why get upset? They'll find out that I'm not crazy sooner or later. The only thing that bothers me is the stupid questions they ask, such as, "Does your elf friend ever visit you here?" Now that really is ridiculous. Don't they know that no self-respecting elf would be caught dead in the same room with a pink elephant?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE PAGE 10

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THE STATUS OF HONESTY

DUNCAN ALLEN

"EVERYONE'S robbing banks these days. I'm a decent, law-abiding citizen." So said a young man in New York who had just been arrested for trying to steal $3,000 from a bank.

Outstanding Americans have had reputations for honesty. This quality is made much of in current histories and biographies, perhaps because it is singularly lacking in today's society. Thomas Jefferson wrote, "He who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time . . . this falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions." Henry Clay once said, "I would rather be right than be President."

Most people know the story of Abraham Lincoln's walking several miles to return a few pennies' change. Fewer people are familiar with the modern "Honest Abe," a certain Douglas William Johnson, a Los Angeles janitor living on the brink of poverty. On March 10, 1961, he found a canvas bag containing $240,000. Johnson contacted the FBI, who told him the money had fallen from an armored car. He was paid $10,000 for his honesty. The public reacted, too. Johnson received phone calls and letters calling him an idiot for not keeping the money. His sixteen-year-old son ran away because schoolmates treated him cruelly. Said Johnson, "I wish we'd let that money sit in the street and rot."

Dishonesty is sometimes spectacular rather than shaming. The 1965 cheating scandal at the Air Force Academy resulted in the dismissal of 105 honor-system cadets. The electrical price-rigging

conspiracy of 1951-1960, a truly cloak-and-dagger operation, resulted in some convictions, but no permanent damage was done to the big corporations involved.

Much more damage is done by the petty crimes that do not make the newspapers until after the sports page. In 1960, for example, shoplifters stole more than $260 million worth of merchandise. Small bank robberies have risen in number alarmingly in recent years. In 1959, there were 346, with a take of $1,407,000.

The criminals are mostly amateurs and give several "reasons" for their crimes. Many steal to meet financial obligations; monthly payments on installment plan purchases take too much out of their paychecks.

Others feel justified in defending themselves against big banks and corporations. Some companies, intent on making profits, cut ethical corners. Deliberate under-enigneering in automobiles has necessitated buying a new one before the first is paid for.

The attitudes of the criminals and the public are perhaps more serious than the crimes themselves. Many of the offenders, like the New York bank robber, feel they have committed no crime at all. Many convicted shoplifters believe that paying for stolen goods absolves them of all guilt. Almost all rationalize that such small losses cannot hurt a large, heavily insured company.

The public usually accepts these excuses. One New York bank employee stole almost a million dollars and spent thirteen months in jail only to be welcomed home warmly by neighbors. Known criminals have emerged from prison to be elected to public office.

Large-scale swindling, it seems, commands a strange kind of respect. It is in this atmosphere that the amateur thief heads for the bank, or that the common citizen cheats on his income tax. Yet these same people punish their children for copying others' homework.

These incidents and attitudes give one an idea of the apparent standard of ethics prevalent in modern America, "If it's there for the taking, take it," or, "He didn't really mean to do it." Chief Justice Earl Warren said that courts cannot "outlaw selfishness or greed." One might add that they cannot enforce honesty.

When integrity becomes the exception rather than the rule, a society is in trouble. In 1855 Lincoln wrote, "Our progress in degeneracy seems to me to be particularly rapid." What would he write today?

THE STATUS OF DISCIPLINE

KEVIN BEGGS

"WHAT'S THE COLLEGE generation coming to?" asks the *New York Times Magazine.* But as that magazine also points out, adolescence only mirrors a slowly deteriorating society. Perhaps, then, the question should be changed: "What's the American public coming to?"

One fault with many Americans is their general lack of discipline. And the problem includes more than the law-breaking we read about in the papers. Sluggishness and procrastination are making the American people fragile and effeminate. In fact, many Americans are not developing their potential. Unfortunately, the main ambition of many Americans seems to be to find personal justification for arriving at work late, for staying home entirely, for extending deadlines, in short, for avoiding responsibility. Such lack of discipline leads to carelessness and serious consequences. How many soldiers have been killed or wounded in Viet Nam because their rifles jammed? Could the tragic deaths of Grissom, White, and Chaffee have been avoided? How many traffic fatalities occur because undisciplined Americans have overindulged?

Discipline is "training to act in accordance with rules." We know two kinds of discipline. External discipline is that exerted on an individual by others. Self-discipline is that exerted on an individual by himself.

We first encounter discipline in the home. As children we are disciplined by the admonitions and example of our parents. As we grow older, getting home when the streetlights come on, taking out the garbage after supper, and accepting added responsibilities become methods of discipline.

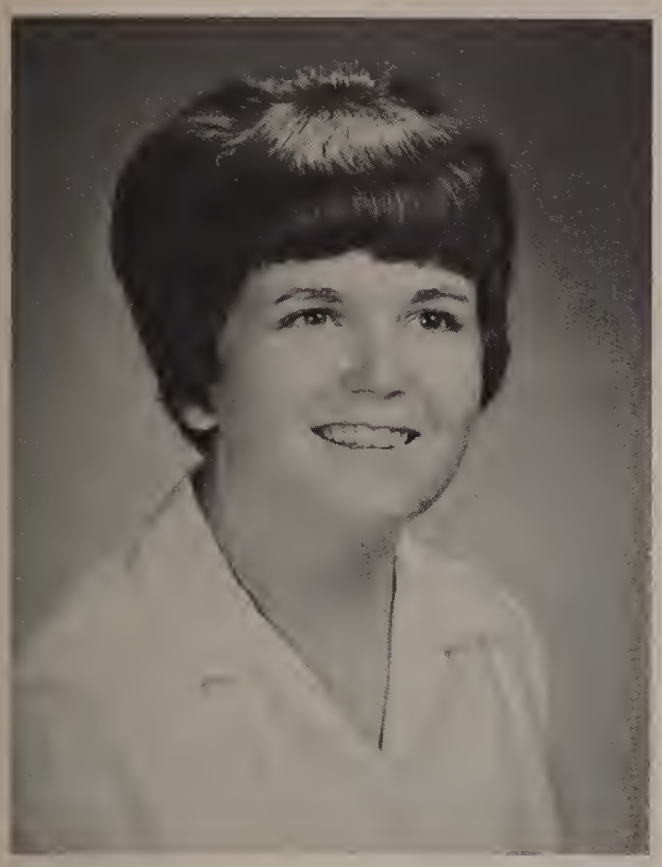
School is the second disciplinary agent. Teachers, like parents, establish rules to be followed. School responsibilities prepare us to be disciplined members of society. Completing assignments on time, getting to school each morning, exploring and mastering new concepts prepare us for the discipline of daily jobs and family obligations.

As adults we encounter a final form of discipline, the laws which legislators pass and appointed officials enforce. All citizens whether mechanics or U. S. Senators are expected to follow them. Now, those of us who have compromised with discipline in the past find it even easier to commit small offenses and get away with them for awhile. So the compromiser continues to run stop signs, to exceed the speed limit, to be careless and negligent in his work, and to shirk his duties.

In several instances, lack of discipline has led to large-scale problems. The undisciplined businessman, needing to escape from his daily pressures, has resorted to alcohol. As a result, America is faced with a serious drinking problem. Similarly, college students have used drugs, much more effective than alcohol, but also much more dangerous. Lack of discipline, then, has scarred America with two dilemmas she will not easily remedy.

Establishing self-discipline, that is, inner control, is the primary purpose of all external discipline. Self-discipline makes us responsible and reliable. Personally, self-discipline gives us confidence — the genuine assurance that we are trusted and the guarantee that we can fulfill our responsibilities well.

Such control, though not impossible to develop, does require some effort. Certainly, the Boston Celtics in their recent drive for the championship, Peggy Fleming, the Olympic skater, and James Burke, the Massachusetts representative, have all achieved an exemplary degree of discipline. Probably one of the most stirring accounts of perseverance and discipline concerns Andrew Rowan, an officer during the Spanish-American War,who was instructed to seek out a Cuban rebel leader named Garcia and to deliver a message to him. After days of physical and mental torture, Lt. Rowan found the man and gave him the message. Now is the time for us to stop offering excuses for our failures and to begin carrying our message to Garcia.



THE STATUS OF INTEGRITY

DIANE MAYNARD

A YOUNG ARCHITECT once was commissioned by a wealthy friend to construct a large country home. As the task of building the house was long, difficult, and expensive, the architect, in order to save time and realize a higher profit, felt entirely justified in using slightly inferior materials and in finding shorter, less efficient methods of construction. His excuse was common: "Everyone does it." The building was magnificent; only the architect himself knew of its defects. When the contract was completed, the architect toured the grounds with the owner. As they paused in front of the beautiful home, his friend smiled and handed him a ring of keys. "I can think of no gift more worthy of you than this, your own work." said his patron. Frustrated and ashamed, the architect was left to face the results of his dishonesty alone.

In almost every case, one must face a lack of integrity alone. Dishonesty shuts a person off from an open and truthful relationship with those around him. Respect, trust, and even friendship cannot survive the suspicion caused by doubts about moral character. When a person loses his ability to deal frankly and honestly with others, he has lost the right to expect a genuine response from them. Morally, he has separated himself from other people, and from that moment on he is left alone with his lies.

Social integrity is just as necessary as personal integrity. A man must consider the acts of others as honestly as he considers his own. Many young people today, in seeking to assert a true personal identity, deliberately detach themselves from a society which imposes on them the restrictions of traditional moral and ethical values. In their opinion the only true principles are those which they have worked out for themselves. However, by rejecting all previous rules of conduct, they are shaking the moral foundation on which our way of life has been built. Integrity demands that each individualist, in addition to trusting in the value of his own convictions, must also be willing to accept worthwhile ideals from the past.

Integrity means wholeness. A whole person is sure of himself, his friends, his beliefs, and his duties. He has the courage to work for his convictions and the faith to realize them. Only this type of person can safely be a non-conformist. Non-conformity certainly has its place, for original and progressive ideas can be discovered only by those who have the strength of will to throw aside their fear of the social consequences of being different. The greatest men of history, men like the scientist Galileo, the theologian Martin Luther, the composer Beethoven, and the poet Whitman, have accepted public disapproval and sometimes disgrace because they believed wholeheartedly in their own ideas. They were convinced that, by rejecting certain traditional principles, they could establish new and better ones. Because they did not forfeit proven moral standards – industry, sincerity, honesty and respect for the rights of others — they had the security of knowing that what they did was right.

"Truth is the highest thing that man can keep," said Geoffrey Chaucer. Absolute integrity is very difficult to achieve, for it requires stern self-discipline, a rare and precious commodity. However, the results are surprisingly great. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* Brutus tells the outcome of his own life of complete truthfulness:

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me."

William Sloane Coffin enumerates the rewards of integrity as boldness, persistence, serenity, friendship, trust, admiration, and respect. The high school graduate who acquires these qualities has obtained a guarantee for true personal happiness and success.

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